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WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MEXICO?

BY

CASPAR WHITNEY

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWING ROAD," "HAWAIIAN AMERICA," ETC.

New York
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1916

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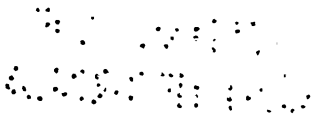

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TO that abused group of my Countrymen, driven from their homes and denied the protection of their Government—which protection, if afforded, would long ago, without war, have brought peace to desolated Mexico—this little book is dedicated with genuine sympathy.

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Question	1
Who Are the Mexicans?	2
Making a Misfit Constitution	7
The Revolutionary Habit	18
The Submerged 80 Per Cent.	43
The Man and the Job — Diaz — Madero	76
When the Americans Went to Mexico	90
What Is a Concession?	118
When Carranza Came to Town	127
Under Pre-constitutional Conditions	141
The Meditations of a Theorist	161
Dum-Dums in the Name of Humanity	179
What Mexico Needs	184
The Cost of a Duty-Last Policy	200
The Answer	211

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WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MEXICO?

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The Question

IN Mexico both native and foreigner are in distress; in America perplexity rules as to cause, and confused discussion as to the action we should take for the safety of our citizens and the help of the Mexicans.

What is this trouble? Why are our troops along the border, and in Mexico, without the consent and against the protest of the revolutionist First Chief whom the Government of the United States recognised? Why are the American people called on to share if not to solve the problem of its sadly deranged neighbour?

The Mexicans have a Constitution as lofty in sentiment and as comprehensive in scope as our own; and have had since 1857. Why does not this Constitution guide them to the political peace it provides?

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Who Are the Mexicans?

TO understand the present state of Mexico you must understand Mexican conditions; and to understand Mexican conditions you must understand Mexican character. To understand Mexican character you must know the blood mixture which flows in his veins; and, if you would escape false and misleading notions, you must comprehend, deeply, for things in Mexico are not often what they seem to be to the onlooker.

The aborigines were not chiefly "Indians," as we are wont casually to call them, but Aztecs, Toltecs, Zapotecs — that numerous, sturdy race which there and in Peru left architectural and engineering monuments revealing art, inventive genius, and mechanical skill to prove them a people apart from, and above in culture, the roving Redmen of the North. But there were Indians also in this earliest period, Yaquis and Apaches in the

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Northwest, and many small tribes of many tongues along the west coast and in the South, the descendants of whom, the ethnologists say, are to-day represented by the something like one hundred and twenty-five tribes, speaking fifty different dialects, that are distributed in limited numbers throughout the country but more especially along and just behind the western littoral.

Commonly and comprehensively we refer to all these aboriginal races, and to their pure descendants, as Indians; and if the reference is loose, yet it has the value of distinguishing between the peoples that were originally on the soil and those which have come through cross breeding.

These scattered tribes differed little if any from those of North America in character or habit; but the Aztecs and allied peoples are set down by the historians of that period as being highly religious and notably cruel. Human sacrifice was a common practice of their priests, and flaying a prisoner one of the tortures visited upon a captured enemy.

It is recounted by the Abbé Claviger in his "History of Mexico" (published

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1806), that instead of killing they cut off the ears of their opponents in one battle and preserved them in baskets to show their allies as evidence of their prowess.

During the time I was in the State of Tamaulipas, 1914–15, Constitutionalist troopers caught a "bandit" who had given them a hard chase, and to make sure he would not again escape, as once before he had, they sliced off the soles of his feet!

When the Spaniards came to Mexico with their arts and their agricultural skill, their industrial training, their church and their avarice, they found in this hardy people, who had so valorously defended their capital city until betrayed and overwhelmed, a means ready at hand to till the soil, and to search the mountains for that golden storehouse of which they had heard and dreamed.

The settled lands the Spaniards distributed among the Indians (I shall hereafter use this term when referring to the aborigine or his unmixed descendant) under a form of share-working with an over-chief; the unsettled land and the mines they took for them-

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selves. Thus the vanquished Indian became the man-of-all-work in his own country for the victorious, domineering Spaniard; the miner, the farm-hand, the unskilled labourer, or the peon, as we hear him most often called — a master and, what was practically, a serf class.

The new Spanish colony thrived; the haciendas flourished on the plains, the hills yielded bountifully of a wondrous treasure, and Spaniards that came originally to adventure remained to build their homes. Gradually through the intermarriage of these Europeans and the natives there grew up another and a third class, between the peon workers on the one hand and the alien masters on the other; a class combining the pride, the tyranny, the moroseness, the fighting spirit of Spain, with the vision, the improvidence, the cruelty, the carefree hopefulness of the aborigine.

The arrogance of Castile with the fanaticism of Anahuac. It was a mixture which did not suggest co-operative, peaceful, constructive partnership.

From this source came the human division we see to-day in Mexico. (1)

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An inert, illiterate, tractable mass — a political nonentity; (2) a partially educated, mixed, or middle-class — active, but ambitious beyond its efficiency and excessively vain; (3) a comparatively small upper or capital or educated class, having but slight regard for the proletariat, little patriotism, and less civic courage — also active, and shrewd, but in the making of their own fortunes rather than in the general development and advancement of their people.

Of such components — unprepared by education or training, unfitted by habit or temperament, distrustful and discordant — has the occasional patriot in Mexico sought to build a Republic.

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DISCONTENT was sure to come out of this mixture of dissimilar bloods and unfair adjustment of relations; and a glance at the revolutions which followed fast will help immeasurably to a comprehension of the situation to-day.

Of the names that stand out in memory and in Mexican history — Father Miguel Hidalgo, 1810; Jose Morelos, 1813; Augustin Iturbide, 1821; Vicente Guerrero, 1827; Juan Alvarez, 1854; Bentio Juarez, 1857; Porfirio Diaz, 1876; Francisco Madero, 1911 — every one came to power as the leader of a revolt against an existing government. Hidalgo, Morelos, Guerrero, Alvarez, Juarez, were men of high character and moved undoubtedly by sentiments of genuine patriotism — nor is there any doubt of Madero's honest ideals and sincere purpose — and of these Morelos, Guerrero, Juarez — a pure Zapotec — and Diaz — a Mixtec

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half caste — had foresight and mental endowment.

Hidalgo, a Spanish priest of Dolores in the mining State of Guanajuato, is popularly accredited with making the first stroke for freedom, but two years before had been an earlier attempt which failed through the treachery of one of the conspirators.

Hidalgo made some progress, gathering adherents by aid of government treasure which he had "promptly seized" at the outset, and fighting gallantly against heavy odds and determined opposition. His supporters proved recreant to their pledges, however, in an important locality and at a critical moment, and finally the Father was betrayed by one of his own officers, captured, and executed.

Morelos, who picked up the mantle of Hidalgo, maintained the struggle long enough to proclaim (in 1813) the Constitution of Apatzingam declaring for rights of citizenship, elections, free ballot, and liberty of press. But defections from his followers, lack of funds, and especially the first, weakened his force and he, too, was captured and shot.

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Iturbide, sometimes called the "liberator of Mexico" because of his Plan de Iguala declaring for independence, who raised himself to power by a cuartelazo through the help of Santa Ana — was ejected a year later by the same Santa Ana — who faced always whichever way best suited his own advancement — and ordered executed by the very congress he had previously while in power ordered dissolved. Up to this period the church had exercised a deciding and widely recognised influence in the affairs of state, but with the war of independence the army became the supreme force of the nation. And now was established the cuartelazo, or military uprising, expressive of individual ambition and the disaffected elements which have supplied Mexico with revolutionists since 1821.

Guerrero, second president of the Republic, called "the Great Commoner of Mexico," whom Iturbide had scandalously used as an unwitting dupe during his administration, was overthrown by a cuartelazo, abandoned by the entire army which had but just acclaimed him, and deserted even by his personal following. He sought the peons of the

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soil whom he had always befriended and for whom he had achieved freedom from the advance wage debt system, but they, too, turned from him and joined the rebellion. Though literally a man of the people, and a leader who had served their interests ceaselessly, they forsook him in the hour of his need for another with alluring promise. Guerrero's end is characteristic and familiar; he was betrayed by a trusted friend, and shot October, 1831.

In the work of a native historian we read—"it was charged against the administration of Guerrero that he endeavoured to rule in a democratic spirit a people ignorant and inexperienced and devoid of democratic training and traditions." And again of the period following, that "the generals and high officers of the army (during the presidency of Bustamante)" under cover of the fueros, supplemented their handsome salaries by operating counterfeit mints, gambling hells, and gaudy brothels; while the lesser officers contented themselves with mere blackmailing and open highway robbery and . . . "occasionally the army went into business for itself on a large scale and in-

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stituted farcical revolts and uprisings for purposes of loot and rape," until finally Bustamante, who had come into office through the cuartelazo by which he deposed Guerrero, was himself overthrown by a cuartelazo in 1841.

And now for several years with the country in anarchy and its resources depleted, cuartelazo followed cuartelazo until Herrera, who was raised to the presidency in 1845 as a relief from the mercenary Santa Ana, was himself put out of office within the year by cuartelazo. But the year following a cuartelazo put the treacherous Santa Ana back in power again and called upon congress to frame a monarchical constitution.

The ever lurking cuartelazo having ousted the then president — Arista — the first official act of his successor, Juan Cevallos, was to abolish the congress!

Perhaps another quotation from the native history of this period showing a deliberate plot to embroil Texas, will be informing to those that are ever so insistent in their criticism of the United States Government for the Mexican War of 1847. The quotation serves

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also as a parallel to recent and familiar happenings during 1916.

"The necessity of keeping the attention of the people from domestic affairs compelled the clerical party once more to resuscitate the idea of a war with the United States for the recovery of Texas, and catholic press and cheap politicians vied with each other in their efforts to inflame public sentiment in favour of the plan. The ruse succeeded immediately in so far as it gave the government sufficient strength to suppress the revolutionary movement for federalism in Tampico and Puebla."

There is an impressively familiar note in this for those who recall the political weavings and manifestos of Huerta and Carranza.

That stalwart figure, Alvarez, headed a successful revolution in 1854 with his Plan de Ayutla "discharging" the Santa Ana pest, whom he also defeated, and in the year following representatives to congress were instructed to assemble for the purpose of framing another new constitution. The call resulted in the historic meeting of which Juarez and Alvarez were the commanding figures, and in the drafting and fi-

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nally in the promulgation (1857) of Mexico's present constitution. Alvarez became the natural choice for president during this formative period, but established the altogether quite unusual precedent of resigning office shortly after without request or pressure and was succeeded by Ignacio Comonfort.

Within fifteen days after the adoption of the new constitution, Comonfort was defeated and driven into exile by a cuartelazo headed by Felix Zuloaga, who was forthwith made provisional president. His first act as president was to abolish this new constitution which expressed "the aspirations of the Mexican people" and had been forty-seven years in making.

The native historian in commenting on this phase of his country's revolutionary agony tells us that Comonfort, who on taking the presidential office, had shown a more lenient attitude towards his erstwhile opponents — as for example imprisoning instead of shooting, as had been the custom, political offenders, deserting soldiers, and the like — was inspired by the hope "that a policy of liberality and mercy would appeal to the better nature of his

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opponents and bring to weary, blood-stained Mexico a period of peace and good will." 'Twas a hope not realised.

After three bloody years of fighting, Juarez entered Mexico City and opened congress with a spirited and patriotic speech in which he declared "the federation is now compact and united by constitutional ties, and ready to sustain our national institution and to enforce and obey the laws enacted by this sovereign assembly." And on his re-election after the French intervention period, Porfirio Diaz issued his Plan de la Noria and set out to depose him with a revolution, which, however, because Juarez was both ready and strong, failed almost at its inception.

Juarez died in 1872, leaving one of the greatest names in Mexico's history and his country in comparative peace on the threshold of awakening to industrial development.

Lerdo de Tejada, who succeeded him, followed in his wise footsteps of keeping the military out of civil administration to a very large extent, yet an element of disquiet soon again raised its distorted head, and in 1876 Porfirio Diaz

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issued his Tuxtepec plan which "discharged" Tejada and all opposing governors, declared against re-election of either president or governors, and appointed himself "interim president pending a presidential election."

Tejada lacked the iron hand and will of his great predecessor Juarez; his ways had been more the ways of peace, so that he was unequal to resisting this new revolutionist, who, marching into Mexico City, was accepted at once as president.

Juarez was the best of Mexico's rulers to that time, and Tejada an excellent one; their régimes, 1867–75, called the "Restoration Period," brought the first peace the country had experienced and gave the people enjoyment of the full democracy granted under the constitution of 1857 for which they had aspired and fought. The country was just beginning to settle to habits of peace and the beginning of prosperity. Yet in the face of this, when General Hernandez in Oaxaca launched his cuartelazo for Diaz, it was at once followed by cuartelazos with the same object all over the country even from Lower California to Vera Cruz!

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The impulse of revolutionists previous to Alvarez had been, according to native history, "to overthrow the power that denied them high official position," but Francisco Madero, in his 1910 Plan of San Luis Potosi calling for free ballot and non-re-election, introduced "free land" and made it the slogan of his revolt against Diaz.

When in October, 1911, Madero was elected president he, like Guerrero and Comonfort before him, sought to administer his office in a democratic spirit, instituting a "generous and merciful attitude" towards his erstwhile political opponents — and again like Guerrero and Comonfort, he, too, found a people "ignorant" and "devoid of democratic training."

From 1810 when Father Hidalgo made the first bid for independence, to 1913 when Madero was murdered, the duration in office of Mexico's many rulers had averaged, apart from the Juarez and Diaz régimes, scarcely one year each. Contention for leadership has kept the country in desperate and well-nigh unending strife, until 1857, to secure a constitution, and since then, ostensibly, to put that constitution

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into operation. In one hundred and six years there have been forty-one years of peace (of comparative peace many of them) — seven under Juarez-Tejada, and thirty-four under Diaz-Gonzales.

Bearing upon our study of conditions in present day Mexico, the impartial history of this period reveals three prominent facts, viz:

(1) That the revolts have sprung from individual and not from popular impulse;

(2) That the people were irresolute in principle;

(3) That the people were fickle in conduct.

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The Revolutionary Habit

So we come to the question of why these revolutions continue now that Mexico has a liberal and free spirited constitution, how they start, how maintained, their effect upon the people, and why results appear never to be conclusive.

We must keep in mind that original blood mixture, the three hundred years of Spanish greed and domination before freedom came, and the division of the population as it stands to-day. In round numbers there are, or rather were in 1910, about fifteen millions of all classes. Of these it is estimated that sixty per cent., or about nine millions, are pure, direct descendants of their aboriginal forebears; thirty per cent. or about four and a half million represent the mixed class of Indian and Spanish — the Mexican so-called; and ten per cent. or approximately one million and a half answer for the Span-

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iards of the pure blood and the foreigners, of whom Americans comprised the largest number, reckoned to be at that time fully fifty thousand or more.

In every revolution, as in this one also, there were men inspired by sincere and patriotic motives, but as a rule their origin has been in motives less honourable.

Most revolutions start by some disaffected local leader with political ambitions and a grievance, gathering his friends and employés under a plan promising solution of all national ills, and the unhampered pursuit of happiness for his supporters. Following the tradition established by Hidalgo he opens the jail and then sallies forth, confiscating whatever he is strong enough to take and destroying whatever property of the "enemy" he cannot use. If there is public treasure, he takes it, and if there are foreign companies in the neighbourhood, they as well as the merchants and the bankers yield a "loan" for as much as happens to be in sight. From the church money is extorted by imprisonment, or torture, or threat of death. Such are the sources of support of all revolutionists

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before they get hold of the Government.

The free and not too dangerous or onerous life of the army, the lax discipline, the license to appropriate whatever property may be found along the march, the freedom from confining steady labour, constitute a strong appeal to the Indian half of that mixed blood, and make of recruiting the simple proposition of some ready money and a plenty of promise. So every man with nothing to lose but his life, turns revolutionist. It becomes the best business in sight for the peon, sometimes the only business. He has no clear knowledge of the quarrel beyond what his immediate jefe (chief) tells him, not even for what or for whom he fights. He has done what his jefe has told him to do time out of mind, and he fights because the jefe tells him to fight and promises him a share of the booty. It is the personalism of politics in Mexico. Thus the peons form the rank and file of the army, while from the ranchero, the hacendado, the gang boss of the city, the bandit of the country, come the officers. The politican lawyers, the dis-

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appointed office seekers, the dreamers, and the fanatics furnish the agitators, the orators, the press agents.

The very easiest thing to start in Mexico is a revolution; first, because their constitution does not agree with the nature and the character of the people; second, because it is personalism in Mexican politics and not the law or even thought of country that rules and influences action; and third, because the bullet and not the vote is the recognised medium for settling differences in political opinion. It is the code of the country that a man who fails at the polls must fight; otherwise he is politically dead. That is why foreigners living in Mexico dread an election — even of the "arranged" variety which has obtained — quite as much as a revolution, for the first has been the usual forerunner of the second. Madero was put in office, swept in on an emotional wave towards an impracticable ideal, as a result of undoubtedly the fairest election Mexico has ever seen; yet two revolutions — Reyes and Gomez — immediately followed; and Madero's appointment of half a dozen

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governors was followed by as many serious State revolts.

In Guanajuato, the governor, Villasenor, congratulated his successful opponent — and forthwith killed himself politically for his very unusual and un-Mexican act. The people looked upon him as a poor thing lacking spirit and not entitled to further support.

Before the interview Porfirio Diaz gave James Creelman in 1908, there had been during the Dictator's reign, no other party. It was all Diaz. A man was a Porfirista or he kept his opinions to himself. But in this published interview which Diaz did not deny, the General said he was going to make the next election — 1910 — a real election; that he was determined to retire; that he hoped for an election which would express the choice of the Mexican people, and desired parties to form and offer candidates. This statement caused Mexico to gasp in undisguised surprise, but as there came no word to the contrary from the Castle, a movement started to organise for and discuss possible candidates. The Partido Democratico, a party having for its slogan "no personalities; prin-

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ciples only," was formed. It was a strange happening and aroused much interest throughout the country. At the first meeting, the attempt to elect a chairman developed such commotion through the heated advocacy of rival candidates that the meeting finally broke up in disorder. And that was the end of the Partido Democratico. It never revived.

When Eulalio Gutierrez was elected "Convention" President at Aguas Calientes October, 1914, after Villa had come down from the north and Carranza had refused to come up from the south, General Antonio Villareal, who had brazenly courted the honour, disputed the Chairman, split the party and left town in a fury. Later when Gutierrez fled before Villa from Mexico City to set himself up as president independent of this Convention or of Villa or Carranza, taking Lucio Blanco and other disaffected members of the party with him, he carried off ten million pesos of the national treasury. And all factions represented at the Aguas Calientes Convention, which subsequently waged war on one another — Obregon, Villareal, Gonzales, Agui-

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lar, Gutierrez, Villa, and Zapata — present or represented, wrote their names in token of their complete accord upon the flag of Mexico amid cheers and tears and a vast oratorical outpouring to attest their patriotism and their loyalty to the Convention.

One of the generals to put his name on the silk flag at Aguas as a representative of Venustiano Carranza was Alfonso Santibanez. He had been a local jefe on Tehuantepec under Madero and when the latter in the course of his appointments sent a successor, Santibanez killed him and took to the hills where as an active bandit he acquired further importance and quite a following. When General Jesus Carranza was sent to the Isthmus by his brother the First Chief, to secure its fealty, he sought out and "recognised" and attached to his army this Santibanez.

A month or so later Santibanez changed his faith, captured General Jesus Carranza, and killed him.

Thus the officers' viewpoint; the soldiers can hardly be expected to have one more elevated.

While in Monterrey a friend told me

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the story of his house servant who had joined the Constitutionalist army. The muchacho one day announced his intention of going to the front; the master said he was sorry to lose a good servant but pleased to see support for the constitutionalist cause coming voluntarily from men of his class who should naturally be the ones most benefited by its success, and therefore among the first to enlist. "But," replied the servant, "I am not sure I shall join the constitutionalists." "Not the constitutionalists," exclaimed my friend in astonishment, "what army is there then that you would join?" "Well," answered the patriot, "the constitutionalists here are offering one peso fifty, but I hear that Huerta is offering one seventy-five to recruits, and before I join I am going to learn who pays the most." And neither this man nor any of many similar cases encountered in my travels among the Villistas, the Carranzistas, or other istas, saw anything in such an attitude not entirely becoming a loyal member in good standing of a "delicate, sensitive race."

At a mine near San Luis I met a man who had deserted from General

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Angeles because the officers had "deceived" him. When he was lured from a good place with one of the American mining companies, and recruited, he had been promised a chance at looting in the captured towns; but no towns had been captured — so he had run away.

At Jalapa I talked with another who had deserted the Blanco brigade because, as he said, the officers took all the best horses and loot for themselves; he was planning at that time to join the Jesus Carranza command where he heard the men were given a "fairer" share.

During the uncertain time at Tampico between the going of the Federals and the coming of the Pablo Gonzales troops, there was a lot of free-for-all looting, or, shall I say, the taking of anything which for the moment appeared unemployed; in a word, anything not nailed down. So the horse belonging to a foreign resident disappeared. One day after the Constitutionalists had settled into undisputed possession of the town, the owner of the lost animal discovered it hitched as one of a public coach pair. He claimed and finally, after much difficulty and

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with the good offices of his Consul, came again into possession of it. But the hackman could not at all understand why he should be deprived of a horse he had "found" in the fields while he was serving his jefe, and swore vengeance on those who were instrumental in taking from him property he had acquired, legitimately, so far as he could see. The man was entirely sincere.

In Mexico City I was presented to a colonel of the Carranza army, who three years before had been a motorman on the city trolley line. At the time I talked with him, at the house of a native with whom I was studying Spanish, he had amassed a house in the city, two pianos — of which he spoke with especial pride — good clothes, and an automobile. He had been a pelado; now he was a señor with a capital S. One ranch peon who joined the army and was in the fighting and looting at Durango, shortly thereafter bought a ranch in his own State, Chihuahua, for twenty thousand pesos. Is it to wonder that the army is popular with certain types of Mexicans? The wonder is whether these men are going to re-

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turn to the trolley, and the ranch, and the mine when present opportunity ends.

When Obregon and Blanco made their get-away from Mexico City in November, 1914, leaving the city as they thought to the expected looting of Zapata, the troop trains stood amidst literal lanes of household goods taken by the departing patriots from the confiscated houses of their fellow countrymen; and all the Mexicans' luxuries from typewriters to phonographs and pianos and sewing machines could be picked up at bargains when it became known that there were not enough cars to carry away all the loot which had been taken in the name of "uplift." Two days after Blanco had skulked out of the city, I counted sixteen automobiles destroyed or mutilated beyond repair in a field seven miles from town where they had been abandoned by him and Obregon.

These soldiers of the army are not concerned with the principles of democracy; they have neither interest in nor knowledge of the problems of a republic; it matters not who happens to be first chief; their interest is in having

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a chance at getting something for nothing. It is not that they are so vicious as that they are so ignorant, and the blood they have inherited makes for lustful adventuring. They are having such a fling at "liberty" as they have never known in their impoverished and more or less oppressed lives.

The Huerta soldiers that defended Chihuahua under General Mercado against Villa's assaults, joined Villa in considerable numbers when he came into the city triumphant. The men on the border constantly shifted from Carranza to Villa or back again according to varying fortunes and local conditions. The men of Gonzales deserted him by the score when he was driven out, and entered the Villa ranks. Villa lost officers and men right along at such points as he was compelled to evacuate, and after his heavy defeat, in a trap by Obregon at Celaya owing to his impetuous and overconfident advance, the desertions from his ranks were large enough to weaken him seriously. Both Blanco and Obregon lost heavily in desertions to General Angeles when they retreated before his advance. Miners throughout Chihuahua who were thrown

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out of work by the shutting down of the foreign properties, joined the forces of Madero, then those of Orozco when he fought Madero, then Huerta, who fought both Madero and Orozco, and finally were to be found under the banners of Villa and Carranza.

Then there is the well established story of Veracruz, where the Federal gunboat officer who switched fealty from Madero to Felix Diaz and back again to Madero, explained his most recent change to some very good American friends at a dinner on the ground of being a patriot in doubt as to which side was going to win and, said he, "how can one be a patriot if he is on the losing side?"

Of all the Government military officers at the National Palace on that morning of February 8, 1913, which ushered in the fateful conspiracy against Madero, only General Lauro Villar and his valiant little group remained actively loyal. They managed to hold the Palace but the troops which had promised to keep faith, went over to Mondragon after being harangued by his officer, Colonel Aguillon.

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Although Madero's Plan particularly urged that soldiers must not "sack any town or kill defenceless prisoners," the dreadful slaughter of three hundred Chinamen at Torreon, 1911, by the troops under his brother Emilio, and the looting and barbarous conduct at Durango, Zacatecas, and elsewhere, showed the little influence of his appeal either while he lived or with the generals who espoused his cause after he had been murdered. When carrying out his idea of democracy Madero disbanded twenty thousand of his army after taking the presidential chair, most of whom had fought for the opportunity to loot, they at once flocked to the standards of his opponents.

When Felix Diaz was captured by General Valdez on his stupid and unsuccessful attempt at Vera Cruz to start a cuartelazo against Madero, his soldiers promptly shouted for his captor and returned allegiance to the Government which a few moments before they had been ready to fight.

General Reyes, who had been a supporter of General Porfirio Diaz with sword in hand ready to quell Madero,

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became subsequently a follower of Madero and then headed a revolt to unseat him.

Francisco Vasquez Gomez was Madero's chief of the Washington junta — his board bill paid by the Madero family; and after Madero was elected he joined a revolt against him.

Orozco, the red handed, who had fought for Madero, started a revolution in favour of himself after Madero's election, because Madero, after giving him one hundred thousand refused to give him another one hundred and fifty thousand pesos he demanded as his share for patriotically helping to "free" Mexico.

Huerta, when found to be short over one million pesos of the money Madero had sent him for his campaign against Orozco, was raised to a major generalship.

Such are the workings of the Mexican mind and habit; such the rule of revolution as we have more often seen it. Constitutional government as the excuse for leaders to exercise the profession of politics — politics, the open sesame to the grab bag. Apart from the few high minded, loyal Mexicans,

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for whom jail has been the usual reward of constancy, patriotism has served as a mere phrase and a cloak to hide the opportunist.

The Juarez breed of patriot has just about run out. Not a single Mexican civilian among all he had befriended went to the support of Porfirio Diaz after his thirty-six years of reign; not that they were righteous, but they were Mexicans. When Madero in the bitterness of his awakening to the changed sentiment around him, called upon the law and abiding citizens for help, only one man responded — an American of Irish extraction, Braniff by name. And when Carranza came to Mexico City in August, 1914, Carranza, the "avenger" of Madero, he turned the American mother of Braniff out of her house and handed it over to his General Obregon for headquarters.

The jefe of one little town during the Madero-Orozco revolution, raided another small town — Aldaman — driving off the defenders and then appropriating everything that could be carried away from the shops and the houses of the people whose misfortune it was that two rival bands had hap-

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pened to use their little settlement for a battleground.

An Englishman who had a ranch nearby and chanced to be in the town, asked the looting jefe what it was all about, why he fought and robbed these people who had taken no part in the battle or the controversy and done him no harm. "A just cause," replied the jefe. "Yes, I know," persisted the Englishman, "but what is it about? You destroy and carry off the crops of your fellow countrymen, you loot their stores, you misuse their wives and daughters, what's the reason, why do you do this?" "A just cause, and that's all I'll say, a just cause," replied the jefe; and that was all the Englishman could get out of him. And it is about all I was ever able to get out of any Mexican high or low who indorsed the riot of anarchy.

A riot of anarchy, a riot unrestrained and atrocious in deed — fittingly describes the activities of the revolutionists of this last "passion for peace" explosion, whether under Madero, Huerta, Villa, or Carranza. Zapata, despite his reputation — outside of Mexico — to the contrary, has

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the cleanest record. Mexico City had been awaiting his heralded approach in the autumn of 1914 with fear and trembling; the bars for the shop doors and windows had been reinforced in the hope of at least delaying the anticipated looting of these "wild bandits." And when Zapata and his simple, barefooted Indians finally did come to the City, they gave the residents the first unmolested period it had enjoyed up to that time, and the only fair treatment since Madero was killed. The Zapatistas confiscated no property, and proceeded to restore to its owners as far as they were able, that which had been stolen by the Carranzistas. The City breathed at will and relaxed in smiles. Those who had successfully concealed their automobiles from Obregon and Blanco, rode through the streets bravely and happily. But the act of the Zapatistas which literally took breath away was their return of a fifty thousand peso loan which they had made on arrival and pending the levying of one extra month's tax to meet the feeding of the soldiers. It was something unheard of in the history of revolution past or present.

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The usual procedure of a revolutionist party upon successfully carrying a town, is to first search out the women; second, to loot; third, to destroy. Such is the fight for "constitutional" government! Destruction and brutality visited upon their own harmless people; and some of their exploits have been fiendish even in this day when "flaming fire" and gas and burning tar are the usual weapons of attack.

Of the atrocities committed in Northwestern Mexico alone, I have eleven sheets of legal cap fully covered with brief statements — the longest being five lines — of murders, kidnapping, seizure of property, robbery, and ruthless destruction of livestock!

When retreating from San Luis Potosi the Huerta federals shot from the car windows at whatever and whomever they saw, though luckily their marksmanship was poor. All along the line cattle were killed in this manner. On one occasion a vaquero made an inviting target and the train was actually stopped while a number of the soldiers tried to hit him before he rode out of range.

It was the constitutional victors over

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this lot of Federals who on passing an oil pumping station impressed two of the workmen into guiding a group of soldiers to a certain point of their road. When they had reached their destination they hung the two guides, whose graves I passed on my way through this section.

One of the earliest successes of the Constitutionalists was at Durango under the leadership of a brute called Urbina, where the soldiers were given twenty-four hours' license to do as they pleased! The story of the looting and the raping of that poor town will always remain a disgrace to the constitutionalist general staff and soldiery. They pillaged the bank, they robbed the stores, they chased every comely face that dared venture onto the streets, and they stabled their horses in the parlours of the private houses.

After passing through miles and miles of torn-up roadbed and twisted rails, demolished stations, and burned freight cars, I entered Zacatecas over the sunken road where Villa had trapped the retreating Federals and made the greatest killing of the war with his machine guns placed on the op-

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posite and commanding hillside. The town cowered. The priests had been stripped of whatever was to be found in their churches, and imprisoned; some of the shops had been looted; the officers were taking toll of such women as could not escape; and the Supreme Court was being used as a stable for the horses of the officers. Zacatecas has good reason to remember its occupation by General Natera of the Army of the North. Money was raised by the imprisoned priests and some of them released with the advice to get out of the country — others are yet to be heard from. But the girls had no respite; many of them were caught and violated; none of them above the peon women who kept their little street stands of fruits and beans and corn, dared show her face at a window or venture out. The shops were closed and barred; the people were existing on tunas — prickly pear of the cactus — the town appeared as if in the grip of a pestilence which had laid low half the population and hushed the remainder.

In the ancient little town of Guadalupe lived a charitable old priest who at the time of the fighting that swirled

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around that section of the State converted the low, single story parish school building into a hospital. Here he had cared for such wounded as he could hear of or as dragged themselves to the doors of the settlement. One day a considerable party of passing Constitutionalists discovered the priest at his merciful task. Opening wide the door of the improvised hospital, as many as could do so rode into the house and over the wounded lying on the floor. Those who escaped trampling were in part taken out and shot.

Early in the campaign against Huerta a favourite plan of destruction with the constitutionalists took the form of dynamiting and it was through his diabolical success in this killing business that Gutierrez came first prominently before the revolutionary world. Previously he had been a roustabout at an American mining plant, but now he became a Carranza general, and later he was elected president by the Convention at Agua Calientes. One of the most fruitful of these dynamite attacks was upon an ordinary Saltillo-San Luis Potosi passenger train in which, besides some Huerta soldiers,

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many second class passengers were killed and all the living first class robbed by Carranza soldiers lying in waiting. But an equally choice exhibition of revolutionist wreckage and fiendish spirit was that at Cumbre where an officer named Castillo wrecked the regular passenger train in the tunnel and then fired it, among the passengers killed being fifteen Americans. Some time later this same Castillo was arrested on American soil by the border authorities, and under instructions from Washington sent "for safety" to Cuba. Not long after he returned to Mexico and joined the constitutionalists!

From Chihuahua south all the way through the country east and west down to the Tehuantepec country, the story was the same or similar; sometimes worse, sometimes not so bad, but always the tale of forced loans, of looted property, of outraged women. The atrocities committed upon the priests and the nuns would make a volume of themselves. Everywhere outrages had been committed against Americans but in no one town so varied or so many as at Durango.

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With a friend, an American who knows Mexico and the Mexican and is their very good and comprehending amigo — I had gone over beyond Atzcapotzalco one early morning of November, 1914, to visit Villa, who had arrived the night before from the North. On the road we met a Mexican merchant who was on intimate terms with my companion, and we journeyed on together. Both my friend and I who had watched the "dreaded" Zapatistas come into Mexico City, and had circulated much among them, were unanimous in our praise of their conduct. My friend grew eloquent in Spanish extolling the Zapatista soldiers for asking bread, instead of confiscating it, as the recently departed Carranzista soldiers had done. We thought it an encouraging sign of their honesty and their sincerity of purpose. But the merchant said contemptously "poor fools, they know no better."

He correctly expressed the Mexican spirit. He could not commend, he could not, indeed, understand the hesitation to take when opportunity offered. The German idea of might is right appeals to this kind of Mexican;

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he understands that. He simply cannot understand respect for the rights and the property of another when a man has the might and is above the law, as are the battling factions in Mexico.

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The Submerged 80 Per Cent.

HAVING had a view of the mixed native and the Indian under the license of revolution and the undiscipline of the "army," let us see him in the rough or normal, always remembering the class divisions — the Indians, the mixed peon class, the mixed half-educated class (from whom and the educated politician-lawyer-doctor class, come the trouble makers) the merchant, and the capitalistic class.

It must be confessed that the half breed either in or out of the army either of the lower or the middle mixed class is the more complex and the least amenable, but, except on occasions, not the despicable man tourists so often paint him. He is merely Mexican, and that means he is a contradiction of virtues and faults, a victim of fanaticism and illusion, easy to manage and to get on with if you allow for his foibles and vanities. He is courteous, suspicious, hospitable, not courageous as we under-

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stand courage, yet holds his life cheaply. He does not comprehend and has no respect for easy tolerance in his employer. Madero, according to Mexican ideas, erred in not condemning to death General Reyes and Felix Diaz when he had them in his power after their attempted insurrection. Because he did not shoot them, the people called him weak.

Although his money comes to him slowly and through patient toil, he values it but slightly and will make little effort to add to it or keep it.

Perhaps a personal experience will illustrate their happy-go-lucky attitude.

I had finished my inspection of Zacatecas and was planning to break through the Villa and Carranza lines which faced each other near Agua Calientes, and so make my way on south. Transportation was at a premium with the railroad held by the military and all the horses confiscated. High and low I hunted for something on four legs, without success. Finally I found an old fellow at Guadalupe, seven miles south, who had a kind of stage and some mules which the Villistas had not

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thought worth taking. He agreed to help me for forty pesos, which was about twice the ordinary tariff, and I accepted. At six o'clock the next morning he was at my door in Zacatecas, and in a few moments we were on our way. When we reached his house at Guadalupe he changed mules, and having taken his seat again, turned and asked me to pay him. I of course declined to pay in advance; said I was willing to prove my good faith by paying him half now and the remainder when I reached my destination; that my luggage was worth at least the withheld balance should I be shot on the road or fail to fulfil my obligation.

We argued the point in strict accord with the Mexican custom, i.e. back and forth and in and out and then all over again, while the mules stood dozing in the sun and their owner alternately rolled cigarettes and told his collected family and the gathered attentive community, the dreadful thing I was trying to do to him. Finally, after two hours by the watch, I took the stand that he could either accept twenty pesos now and drive on to Aguas where I should pay him twenty

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pesos more, or he could take me back to Zacatecas. "Bueno," said he, and back we started over the seven dusty rock strewn miles. By the time we re-entered the town at noon, my sense of humour, as I recalled the scene at Guadalupe and all the ridiculous artifices he had employed to bring me to his terms, had got the better of my anger and disappointment at not getting on my way, and so I asked him as we stopped at the hotel, how much I owed him for the scenic drive to Guadalupe and back, not to mention the rare opportunity he had afforded me of becoming acquainted with him and his numerous and good looking family. He beamed, and then "Nada señor, nada," said he with such unaffected suavity that forthwith I bought out a little street dulce vendor and told him to take it all home to his family with my appreciative compliments for a very pleasant and instructive morning. And that was no lie. Twenty-one miles of driving, the use of four mules, of an entire morning,— and "Por nada, señor; adios!"

At Del Rio was a station restaurant which gave the best food along the rail-

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road. Once after paying for my meal I had bought cigarettes and matches amounting to twenty centavos. I had only a peso and the proprietor had no change. "Take them along," said he, "and pay me another day when you are passing!"

In a restaurant at Jimenez my breakfast amounted to fifty centavos. I gave the waiter a peso and he returned me two twenty-five centavo pieces. Wishing to give him a tip of fifteen centavos I asked him to make the change, and as he could not get it in the house, suggested his going next door. But he shrugged his shoulders as he said, "Gracious, señor, otra vez" — another time.

They are full of emotion, but lack the first principles of consideration. Scarcely a household that does not have its pets, yet the men ride and treat their horses cruelly. They are full of polite phrases, prolific with presents, yet lack comprehension of loyalty, gratitude, team work. They cultivate flowers and they have good music; everywhere is the evidence of both. Even along the railroad in the freight-car homes of the peons you will see

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hardly a one which does not have its tomato or kerosene cans of potted plants; and every small town has its own most excellent band. People so kindly to their children — children so happy with so little — and so fond of flowers and music have qualities which promise much with development.

Until they have had the benefit of training under the foreigner their sense of responsibility appears to be as vague as that of a child.

Once I travelled on a train of freight cars carrying a company of soldiers to Irapuato. The track had been but recently and roughly laid and frequently we came to sudden and unexpected dips into and out of shallow little gullies where the destroyed bridge had not been replaced. We kept, nevertheless, at a breakneck speed; the box car rocking so violently it seemed as if every minute must be our last on the rails as we swayed from side to side and lurched into and were jerked out again of the "shoo-fly's"— as such improvised crossings are, I believe, called in railroad parlance.

An anxious trainman in our car, who probably had seen better railroad days,

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put on the emergency brake; and when the train came to a stop and the cause was discovered, that conservative trainman was arrested by the indignant military officer in charge and held under guard in the corner of the car until we reached the end of our exciting, not to say perilous journey.

On another occasion on another troop train we were coming down a stiff and winding grade from Cardenas, having to stop every now and again to clear the track of obstructing rocks and dirt that had either slid down from the mountain side or been blasted there by some of the neighbouring "other constitutionalists." Between these halts the train pitched forward at so lively a pace that I found a seat in the open doorway of the box car preferable to being tossed around inside of it from floor to ceiling.

On one of our sprints towards what appeared like a jumping off place, the engineer at his post and the conductor at my side entered upon a hilarious duel of badinage, the engineer leaning from his cab window, munching a banana which he brandished at us, shouting and laughing with apparently no

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thought of what we might encounter as we sped on around the sharp curve.

Their attitude towards what we call honesty, is a curious one and to us quite incomprehensible without a complete knowledge of their character and a sympathetic study of the environment under which it has been developed. In the matter of private engagements, as servant, foreman, or boss, on the ranch, in the mine, on the oil field, in the factory, in the machine shop, they have shown both honesty and loyalty, where trusted; but you must show that you do trust them or they are sure to prove doubt well founded. They have been found over and again in these troublous times entirely dependable by many Americans who have been compelled to leave their property in their sole charge. My feeling is always that if you give a square deal to the average decent Mexican of this class he will not fail you in a position of trust; such at least has been the experience of many foreigners in Mexico.

But they do not trust each other. Among themselves there is little if any reliability, because they lack the faith in one another that they have in the

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American, who they know by experience keeps his word and pays his bills. That is the crux of the matter; you must keep faith with them — especially with the Indians. Many are the instances where the servants and the employés of the master or the company, have saved property from the looting soldiers.

An ex-Boer who had served his cause with valour and distinction, told me at his hacienda that his major-domo, in whom he placed the utmost trust, was yet not on an equal footing of trust with his own family consisting of wife and daughter, also employed in the house. Each of the three had a key to the family strong box, but none was ever permitted to go to it without the other two being present.

A boy of fourteen employed on an American property near Victoria was taken off with an automobile confiscated by Carranzistas. The roads were heavy and the car stalled, whereupon the soldiers, having neither mechanical knowledge nor patience, abandoned it and continued their journey, taking the youngster with them. Next day, however, the lad

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escaped, hid in the bush, made his way back to the stranded car when the coast was clear, finally extricated it, and returned to his company four days later.

In Oaxaca an English mine superintendent pointed out an Indian he had been sending alone every month for several years with two thousand dollars on a four day journey to the mines; and, he added, that although the man might, as others did, take a few centavos from a fellow worker, yet he had always fulfilled the trust the company reposed in him to the very last centavo.

A merchant in Mexico City, a Frenchman with a large native trade, told me that in eighteen years of business he had not lost $2,000. Mexicans take a long time to pay, he said, but do pay their bills.

If you stop to buy at one of the many little street stands or of the pedlar along the road, he, or more likely she, appears to take an actual interest in your getting your money's worth, picking out the biggest, or the best conditioned, or the most highly decorated of her stock.

Public office or position in a semi-

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public capacity, on the other hand, appears to be regarded not so much as a trust as an opportunity.

I recall a meeting with the well-educated and intelligent son of a distinguished Mexican who had given his country long and valued service, being responsible, among other similar tasks under the Diaz administration, for the erection of a very large and complete group of public-service buildings. Commenting on these, I referred especially to the superiority of their appointments and the thoroughness of their equipment. "Ah," said the son, "there was a chance! Had I been older at the time those buildings were given my father to supervise, I would have feathered the family nest, as my father failed to do; but I was too young and my father was too honest."

The train carrying refugees out of Jalisco State to Manzanillo, stopped just outside of Guadalajara, where it was boarded by the Chief of Police of that city, who in full uniform went through the train making a thorough collection of all the moneys the passengers had. Even Madero with his education and his higher ideals could

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not restrain the hereditary instinct of the man in power to milk the public cow. At Saltillo in the State of Coahuila, where Carranza was governor before he became revolutionist, I found two inspectors on the trolley line, in addition to the conductor for every car; three men on the ticket job.

When I visited Zapata, his chief of staff exhibited some recently coined money, saying, with a considerable show of pride, that we "at great sacrifice have made silver pesos for our people." The money in question had been made out of the bullion Zapata had confiscated from the Ortiz mine!

A German had a ranch in the San Luis country and decided to put in modern machinery in order to utilise the first grade of his workmen, while he kept also the old plant going for the second grade men. He picked out the best of his peons, all of whom were being paid one peso a day; these he broke in on the new machinery and gradually increased their wages until finally they were getting two pesos and a half. The strange new plant, the learning, etc., kept the men interested, and diligent, but with the novelty gone

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and more than double the money coming in than they had been used to receiving, they began to lay off for a few days at a time. Places of amusement were provided in an effort to hold them; a shop with articles at merely the cost and freight price was opened that they might spend their money where they would not be robbed, and everything done to keep them happy; for they were desirable workmen, and the employer was a widely known friend of the Mexican, whom he understood and encouraged to better things. Finally, however, these men began to strike; then came trouble, another strike, and at last they quit. After loafing around until their money was exhausted, they went to work on an adjoining hacienda for seventy-five centavos a day!

They are quick to take offence, to fly into ungovernable passion, and to violent action. Yet generally they are to be handled if you go at it the right way, despite the untoward experience of the San Luis haciendado. You must see their point of view, generally very difficult to find, be patient, gentle, but firm when there is need. You must never bluff, or permit yourself

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to be bluffed; above all you must never employ empty threats, otherwise both their respect and your control are gone. In a word you must consider their mental calibre and their under development. They are prone to riot, but such breaks can usually be checked if you are on the ground at the very start — and to know the christian names of some of them is most helpful on such an occasion.

A mine manager in the Santa Eulalia district had an experience very much in point. The mine was shut down for the greater part but the company kept open all the time one or another of its extensions, using alternately different gangs that all in camp might get a little work. It was money out of pocket for the company of course, but it was giving their men enough to keep body and soul together while their compatriots went on wrecking the country. For several days the men had been gathering in loud talking little groups during noon hour and generally showing the sullen symptoms which presage a demonstration. Some of the constitutionalist recruiting agents had also recently visited the section with their

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highly coloured stories of the "extra" (loot) to be made in army service, and the poison apparently had begun to work.

At this inauspicious moment it happened that the local jefe embargoed the ore tramway connecting with the railroad, for one of the thousand and one untenable excuses local jefes are ever in these days creating as an effective first aid to the extraction of the foreigner peso. As this cut off means of delivery to the mill the manager shut down the gang on the shaft hoist.

This was the opportunity of the malcontents and the announcement was a signal for general disturbance on the property. Demands were made not only that the hoist be started but every extension opened, and all the men be set to work. It looked like a riot, but the manager had lived twenty years in Mexico and knew his people. He called a meeting and after a short general talk on the situation finished by saying: "This trouble is yours as well as ours; you and I are in the same boat. We want to help each other to live and we can't because your jefe won't let us. Now I want you to help

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me, so that I can help you. I want you Juan, and you Miguel, and you José to come with me as representing these miners here, to the jefe and ask him to give us all a chance to do what we want to do."

That was the end of the riot; the sop to their vanity in the selection of several of their own number — so favourably regarded as to be called by their christian names — was the counter irritant to the Villa recruiting agent. The jefe was visited, made the customary impassioned speech to the men of his devotion to their interests and to the revolutionary cause, received one hundred pesos from the manager "on the quiet," and the camp settled again to its revolutionary times jog, to wait for the opening of the main line and a chance to do something towards paying expenses.

Normally the Indian, as distinguished from the pelado of the mixed blood, is an even dispositioned, credulous, hospitable, philosopher, absolutely without self-consciousness. A soldier carrying his baby on his back and his rifle on his arm, his woman following, was no uncommon sight in

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Mexico when Zapata had control of the City; and time after time have I had one of these approach with hat off and ask for a few centavos for food — this Indian with his rifle in hand and his body hung about with belts of cartridges, who had the power to walk into any shop and help himself as the constitutionalist soldiers of the mixed blood had done before him.

In any city in Mexico you may see the Indian in rags and holes moving among the best dressed without slightest thought of any difference between their clothes and his; he goes everywhere unembarrassed. He accepts death, the loss of money, the smallpox, as a visitation for occult reasons to him unfathomable.

As illustrating how cheaply he holds life, Alfred B. Mason, one time railroad engineer engaged in the Tehuantepec country, tells a story out of his own experience. Mr. Mason was sitting in his car at the end of the track when he saw three rurales come riding out of the jungle, each leading a bound peon at the end of a rope, with a sobbing woman following on behind. Asking the trouble the explanation was

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made to him that, "one peon" whom we will call A "had quarrelled with B about the woman. So A hired C to kill B, paying him his price, a whole peso, fifty cents in our money (at that time) in advance. C did not know B by sight. So C hired D for a quarter of the peso to point out B. This done C knifed B. The rurales had gathered in A, C, and D, and the woman in the case."

As he is reckless of his own life so he is wanton in the destruction of other life when a latent cupidity is developed or his hatred engendered. He is more unmoral than immoral, more uncivilised than either. He is ready to serve, or to build or to destroy, according to the temper of those that lead him.

The excuses made by the constitutionalist leaders for the promiscuous killing of noncombatants, and the fiendish atrocities visited upon the captured towns, that their soldiers "got out of hand," are discredited by the character of the Mexican, who is in truth the most easily influenced and easiest guided man in all the Americas. It's the leaders, from the top down through all the long list of looting and

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butchering generals, that are responsible for Mexico's outrages and must be held so before the world. These are the generals that declaim so earnestly about the "foul foreign hand" that has "robbed our poor people," and who are stealing from them with both hands at this very hour of my writing. From the mixed class come these officers — not the self-respecting well established middle class — that class which furnishes also the most offensive, most deceitful, and untrustworthy creature on earth. These are the trouble makers; the men who hunt in packs like coyotes; the revolver carrying braggarts of the towns, who bully the "submerged" of their countrymen for whose "uplift" they are reported to be so concerned.

In a Chihuahua restaurant I sat on a stool at the counter next to an officer who pulled his gun on the waiter because the latter was slow bringing the coffee. At Puebla before a saloon full I saw an officer force at gun point the bartender to deliver him champagne without pay. On a train I saw an unarmed servitor shot by his officer-master for not getting some bottles of

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beer at a station where we had stopped.

The revolution has raised to unaccustomed importance and authority all kinds of low born, ignorant men who naturally do not know how to use their new power and make it the medium of domineering over their men and of vainglorious display in their little world.

At Rodriguez I came into personal contact with one such officer who was entraining his men for Monterrey. The summer before he had driven the threshing machine on a large ranch some fifty miles to the north. Now as I beheld him he was a full fledged colonel with about two hundred and fifty men ununiformed and variously armed. But the colonel was uniformed for the entire outfit. He wore the usual steeple crown hat heavily laden with silver trimming around band and brim; silver braiding full two inches wide ran the length of his trouser seams and around the collar and cuffs of his flannel shirt. His saddle and bridle were without ornament — he probably hadn't yet caught any one owning better — and he was mounted on a scrawny little horse which he continuously prodded with enormous spurs to

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make it simulate the spirit the poor beast obviously lacked; he carried a rifle, a pearl-handled revolver, and a dagger.

For no visible purpose except to exhibit himself, he kept riding up and down and around and over and through his men and everything and everybody that happened to be within or near the only approach to the train which he had exempted for a show ring. He appeared to find greatest joy in swinging his horse into a group of onlookers and scattering them in consternation.

I had put down my blanket and saddle bags somewhat apart from the field of his cavorting, at the end of the troopers. I had shown no interest in his performance and perhaps that piqued the colonel, for on a sudden he came rushing and buck-jumping his much overworked nag across my blanket where, a few moments before, I had been half reclining and smoking. He seemed much pleased with the exploit, as did all the native spectators, so I returned to my blanket to dispute another sally, which however he did not make although he circled around me a number of times.

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The incident is so typical of the simple, vain nature of this new crop of generals and others in authority under the new order of things, that I have been tempted to recite the otherwise foolish little story.

The Mexican dearly loves a "demonstration"; it matters not if he has personal ground or impulse, or even if cause be entirely wanting; he simply wants to do something — to parade, to caper, to yell.

During a patriotic demonstration in Guadalajara a newsboy ran alongside the automobile of an English friend of mine, crying, "Mueran los gringos" (Kill the gringos). "Why do you say that?" called the Englishman, who was a patron of the young man and knew him well. "Oh, just for the yelling," shouted back the lad as he went on up the street indulging in the popular and national pastime. In this engaging game of "showing off" the automobile is a wonderful new instrument; it has speed and noise, and the half breed adores both. Particularly he enjoys the horn and presses the button on smallest excuse that the lowly pedestrian may gaze enviously upon him as

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he speeds furiously past, mufflers wide open — just like a certain "new" type in our own country. But of all demonstrations, the Mexican is at his best on horseback. He loves to make his mount prance and rear for the admiration of beholders, or, racing wildly through a crowded street, to pull up short before the shrinking, terror-stricken women at the crossing.

As a whole he is not a disturber of the peace, and the tranquillity of Mexico City during the interval between the going of the Carranzistas and the coming of the Zapatistas in November, 1914, is an eloquent tribute to their generally peaceful disposition. Obregon and Blanco had been detailed to hold the city while the Carranzistas were rejoining their First Chief who had led the advance in the retreat before Villa. Both Obregon and Blanco had warned the city of the ravages sure to be committed upon the success of Zapata in the sporadic fighting which was at that time within hearing. And, having issued fervid manifestos of devotion to their protection and loyalty to the cause of the people, those valiant generals, Obregon first, Blanco follow-

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ing, deserted the city, leaving it, as they had said and no doubt believed, to the looting of the Zapatistas.

During this interval while the city was without even its police, who had been taken away by the considerate Obregon and Blanco, another American and I wandered all over that quarter where the very poor and the pelados and the turbulent element lives, without having the smallest personal annoyance and without seeing any indication of disturbance. There was literally nothing to prevent riot or looting, the City was at the mercy of its worst element, as Obregon and Blanco intended it should be — for they both returned hatred for the City which held them in contempt — yet there was at no time sign of disquiet. To my mind that constitutes a highly credible record for a city of five hundred thousand, and sufficiently answers the excuse of the constitutionalist generals that they "could not control" their men. I repeat what I have already said: the Mexican people are the easiest led and the easiest controlled of any people on this continent.

And there is no more fitting place

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than here to say, that in all my wanderings over the face of the earth I have yet to find a land where a smile and a courteous word gets you so far as it does in Mexico; among el pueblo, the great undeveloped mass of Mexico's fifteen millions, mind you, not among the politicians who fatten upon their ready credulity, or among the orators and "patriots" that hypnotise official Washington, or among the underbred and lawless leaders of the revolution. During seven months' knocking about the country in revolution, in all my deliberate seeking out of the low and crowded sections of the cities, I was not once jostled; I never had any one bump into me even on Avenida de San Francisco with its slowly moving crowd of idlers; I never had any one tread on my feet in the unbelievably crammed and unsteadily running railway cars; among the pelados I always found politeness — it may not have been as deep as the heart but was at least agreeable and suggestive. Of course I am referring to where and when revolutionist bands or the bandits were not operating. The fortunes of war bring chance of a hold-up if you are riding across

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country on a good horse — any old nag is a good horse these days — or of robbery if you leave yourself open to it in town or out. But at any rate, a smile and "con su permiso" (with your permission) got me past all ordinary obstacles; even through three sets of sentries that guarded the house and its passageways where Villa and Zapata had their first eventful meeting at Xochimilco.

The drudging, trustworthy cargador all but staggering under his load; the labourer crossing the walk with unwieldy plank atop his head; the criada sweeping down the steps; the conductor of the trolley; the public cochero — all, every last one of them, prefaces his approach with "con su permiso." The elevator boy in the office building comes back to the fourth floor which you have passed unheeding, and, when you thank him, immediately responds with "por nada, señor" (for nothing, sir); the boatman soliciting your patronage which you withhold, says, "gracias" and "adios,"— the salute friendly.

An old man, unkempt, dirty, and in rags, sat in a doorway trying to roll

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a cigarette of a bit of newspaper. I stooped and handed him the remainder of a package from my pocket; and his acknowledgment was courtly, no less.

Nowhere does the soft, kind, comprehending word turn wrath as it does in Mexico among these docile, polite, and very readily swayed grown-up children — for that's what they are. You must know them through long association, if you would manage them, you must be sympathetic, you must like them — as you will grow to do; you must understand their natures and their point of view; consider their irresponsibility, their untrained condition, and know their strange inconsistency.

For these people who are so kind to their children, so courteous to friend and stranger, who love flowers and music, are of the same class that stood around the burning bodies of the innocent victims of the Decena Tragica in February, 1913, laughing uproariously at the contortions of arms and legs as they twitched under the stimulation of the flames; they are of the class from whom came the soldiers that looted the churches at Monterrey, wearing in their sombreros the picture of the

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sacred Guadalupe shrine while they burned the altars and its effigies; of the same soldiers that under Emilio Madero at Torreon tied to horses and tore asunder literally limb by limb the wretched Chinamen who dared to resist the looting of their houses. These are the same that go into raptures over pet dogs — and let others feed them.

Yet these, the Indians, the illiterate mixed class, particularly the Indians, are the most dependable people in Mexico. From these come the loyal servants, the trustworthy foremen, the sincere friends; from these have come the strongest men Mexico has produced — Alvarez, Juarez, Diaz; and of this great trio, Juarez was a full and Diaz a half blood Indian.

I must sound my praise too of the women of these people — patient, enduring, devoted; they nurse Mexico, they till Mexico, they feed Mexico, and God only knows the depths of the agony they are suffering for Mexico because of the fiendish lawlessness of their half savage men whom their own country cannot and their big northern brother will not restrain. They are the commissariat of the army, following

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the soldiers with fortitude and doing their arduous duties efficiently, untiringly; the food scouts, cooks, and washerwomen; the first and the last on the camping job; and on the road the least comfortably provided for, either pursuing their vocations on top the box car, or resting on platforms fastened to the iron truss rods under the car. It was the criadas — house maids — that braved the street fusillade to bring food to the home during those tragic ten days while Huerta and Felix Diaz shot up the City of Mexico; and of the several thousand innocent citizens killed through their perfidious compact, women furnished the greater proportion.

And she gets small acknowledgment from her men. I recall an incident somewhat illustrative of masculine Mexican attitude generally. At Tlacalula on the way to Mitla I watched a middle aged man help his companion, a tottering white haired old woman, off the train. From her hands and arms he took her many bundles as she essayed the steps — a "moral" (grass woven bag) filled to the very top, a pottery jug, a roll of cloth, a paper

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wrapped parcel. When she was firmly on the ground, he handed them all back to her; and then they two, she thus heavily laden, he with only his cane, walked down the platform and disappeared around the corner — into a waiting coach, I hope.

From Tecalco to Mexico City, one hundred miles or more, two sisters journeyed with a baby and a burro which they rode turn and turn about, to carry a much needed document to their feeble old father who earlier, while the train yet ran, had gone to the City hoping to free himself from some confiscatory measure of the Carranzistas. The paper delivered, one sister, the younger, and the burro remained with the father; the other with her baby walked back to keep her mother company in the disrupted home.

I take my hat off to these women of Mexico; they will be the salvation of that distracted land; meanwhile, like their English, French, and Belgian sisters in anguish, they are the spirit behind the best in their men.

Between el pueblo, and the small well born and educated classes, there are the orators, the politicians, the social-

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ists, and the soldiers of fortune, a class of parvenus risen by chance and not by merit, "ignorant and full of pretensions," as Mme. de la Barca, who knew them so well, says in her very interesting memoirs. It is futile to argue with a Mexican of this class,— vain, boastful, obstinate and incompetent; he has all the advantage of you at the very start, for he does not restrict himself to facts. How he proceeds in national matters has been thoroughly shown by the patriots now occupying our attention in Mexico, but perhaps an example of how Huerta sought to work up public opinion against America offers a good and typical illustration of the methods commonly employed as quite ethical.

This unscrupulous traitor whose short reign was one of graft and terror, and whom the American Administration wisely did not recognise, sent telegrams throughout Mexico, after the landing at Veracruz, saying that the Naval School Cadets had sunk the United States battleship *Louisiana;* that the federal troops had captured El Paso, Brownsville, and San Antonio; that the American soldiers at Vera-

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cruz were outraging and slaughtering Mexican women and carrying babies around town on the points of their bayonets. This was all published widely in the Mexican newspapers, and the people believed it; just as they believed that the United States troops left Veracruz in November, 1914, because they had been ordered out by Carranza, whose manifesto, reeking with hot "patriotism" and high flown sentiment, "demanding the withdrawal" of the American soldiers, had been filling the native newspapers and the agitators' mouths throughout the country. And the same experience with the same result was repeated in 1916 when the troops were withdrawn in Chihuahua State.

And thus is "public opinion" fashioned in Mexico.

On the night of the day President Wilson withdrew the American troops from Veracruz and thereby delivered Mexico and her tortured people over to anarchy, I stood with a crowd of natives listening to Obregon inveighing against the Americans and extolling the Carranzista officers who had done little else since they had come to Mex-

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ico City but to prey upon its inhabitants. I did not hear him utter a single appreciative word of what America had done for the constitutionalists; I never heard while I was in Mexico, one officer, except Villa, acknowledge that the United States had helped them to get rid of Huerta or helped them at all, or express any thankfulness for any of the very material aid the Administration has given them first and last. During all the time the Carranzista brand of constitutionalists was in Mexico City during 1914 it was permissible to raise the American flag only over the Brazilian Embassy where United States official business was cared for.

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The Man and the Job

Diaz — Madero

THIS was the country steeped in anarchy and this the people prone to revolt over whom Diaz became president in 1876; a people that had been fighting among themselves for leadership, with but a few years' respite under Juarez — another strong man — for fifty years. Both people and country were exhausted; the nation was bankrupt, industry slept, the mail travelled by coach, and the land swarmed with bandits.

Diaz sought to build, to bring peace and the plenty which he thought Mexico capable of producing.

With the history of his country writ deep in his heart and an understanding of his people consistent and profound, he knew that if Mexico was to be developed, the skill, the energy, the money for the unfolding of her natural resources and the founding and the shap-

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ing of her industrial potentialities must come from outside; and his thought turned naturally to a close commercial and financial relationship with his enterprising and powerful rich neighbour to the north. But before he could hope to enlist foreign genius and attract foreign capital he realised that he must establish order in his disorderly country and respect for property rights among his lawless people.

And well Diaz knew the full measure of the tremendous undertaking which confronted him. Born 1830 under the treachery which ruined the patriotic efforts of Guerrero and brought death to that "Great Commoner of Mexico," his youth passed amidst the vivid scenes of that distracting period when until the coming of Alvarez, cuartelazo followed fast upon cuartelazo, he came to his task imbued with the spirit to make his country live, and aware of the instability of his people and their unpreparedness for self-government.

To fit them to their constitution, to lift them to a comprehension of democratic principles, Diaz believed could be accomplished only through a breathing spell during which they might be

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educated and till their land; by the subordination of the local political leaders to the national government; and by the suppression of robbery and murder. "Peace was necessary, even an enforced peace, that the nation might have the time to think and work." And it was the work of a giant; a giant of resolute purpose and a firm hand.

He realised that if he was to make a nation of his people Mexico must learn to work and to pay her debts. So he began by penalising robbery with death, he kept his telegraph lines open by executing every foreman who failed to apprehend those that cut the lines in his district, and he suppressed insurrection swiftly and mercilessly. "The blood that was shed was bad blood; the blood saved was good blood," as he once expressed it in a frank review of the early days of his rule. Under this Draconian code, applied promptly and widely, grew order where had been chaos, peace where had been unceasing strife, safety where insecurity had reigned; and Mexico entered upon her first era of real tranquillity. He cleared the border of its bandits, and kept it cleared, for his experience with

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his neighbour had taught him the United States Administration of that day would not stand idly recording the outrage of its citizens, and the desire for its help and the respect for its just might which had urged him to put his country in order impelled him to keep it so.

And then the Americans came; to develop Mexico's resources, to give the natives new lessons in wage scale, strange experiences in the human relations of co-workers, and Mexico her first taste of prosperity.

With Diaz began serious economic development; the regulation of the taxes, the placing of the Government on a gold basis, the establishment of a banking system — separating the banks of issue from the banks of loan and promotion — and an interest rate of six instead of twelve per cent. To his own and to the foreigners that came in response to his invitation to build, to invest and to work, he showed a liberal spirit, but in general to no greater extent than has been the custom in every new country seeking aid in its upbuilding, and not nearly so much as we have seen over our own country in railroad,

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irrigation, and manufacturing projects of state and private enterprise.

Everywhere public improvement went forward; streets were paved, hospitals and roads were built, schools established, parks laid out. And hand in hand with this splurge of contract letting and new building, went the favouritism, the graft which we see every day in our own cities. It was not in the work done by foreigners for the national Government where money was wasted through corruption, but in the deals between the Cientifico group and the States.

It has been said truly that of the millions of pesos which went into architectural monument, into sanitation, into general municipal embellishment, some might profitably have been directed towards fitting his people more rapidly for democratic government. Also it is fair to record that these pesos were not squeezed from the pockets of the people; they were the first fruits of the industrial boom Diaz had started, and the improvements were essential to his plan of placing Mexico among the enlightened.

As there had always been so during

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the rule of Diaz there was a preponderance of the well-to-do in the Government, because the wealthy class contained the great majority of the educated and because the first constitution of Mexico proclaimed by Morelos in 1813, abolished personal taxation and placed the burden of government support on this class alone.

Under this provision or tradition grew up the Cientificos, a group at first entirely advantageous to the development of Mexico but which became finally settled in special privilege and for the last six or more years of the Diaz régime, dominated official circles and distributed government patronage almost at will. At the last it became more powerful than Diaz himself, this political ring, no better and no worse than the rings we know in Philadelphia and New York, which in his declining years enmeshed this shell of the giant and, to the casual on-looker, clouded the great work he had given his country.

Whether through misjudgment or for lack of vision, Diaz in our eyes, perhaps after all less discerning in the matter than his, failed in two vital re-

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spects; first, in not putting his people on the land in small holdings; and second, in not encouraging to wider advance in democratic and political training his growing middle class — that class upon which rests the bulwark of every republic. That he did not extend suffrage throughout the land was because he believed the people en masse were not qualified for the vote; that the elections were in most instances prearranged was part and parcel of mistake number two. Yet he told James Creelman in 1908, and I believe truly, that he had "waited patiently for the day when the people of Mexico were prepared to choose and change their government at every election without danger of armed revolution and without injury to the national credit or interference with national progress." Two years later his people had returned to their abandoned habits of looting and killing!

Yet whatever mistakes Diaz may have made, what he accomplished was so big under odds so heavy as to outweigh the errors and render them negligible in the world's record of achievement. He put Mexico on the civilised

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map, covered her land with telegraph wires and rails, placed robbery almost among the lost native arts, made travel both comfortable and safe, built up Mexico's foreign trade from thirty million of pesos to over five hundred million, and local industry from hand looms to mills and foundries and factories. He found three thousand schools in the whole land, he built ten thousand others; he succeeded to an empty treasury, he left one containing sixty-three million pesos, when he resigned and quitted the country on May 25, 1911.

Criticism to the contrary notwithstanding, Porfirio Diaz was a patriotic and a gallant figure in Mexican history. He sought to make a nation of his unstable, untrained people, and disrupted land. Despite the handicap of the Cientificos and of his own indifference to the bad land laws, he carried Mexico to where it was just about to take its place among the advanced and enlightened nations of the world as he was ambitious for it to be. And then Madero came; a symbol swept along on an emotional wave loosed by his "free land" slogan and the maddening sight

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of the opulent, obscuring politicians ringed around the President, too engrossed to descry the pit they were digging for themselves, too selfish for thought of the harm they did their chief or the injury they gave their fellow citizens.

It wasn't his strength that won Madero the revolution; it was that the government disclosed its weakness. When in an eleventh hour awakening Diaz, manipulated by Limantour, and beginning his eighth term of office, declared in answer to the free land demand of the Madero revolt, for no re-election, "effective suffrage," and the opening of public land for small buyers, the people beheld a government that had ruled with arbitrary sway now suddenly resorting to conciliatory compromise; and they were swift to withdraw both their fear and their respect. By its failure to pull down the rag-tag and bob-tail following of Madero, the erstwhile "iron hand" revealed its impotence, and the Dictator before whom all had bowed but a few days before, now heard the howl in the streets for his resignation by the emboldened people. The fight had gone out of the

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Diaz government; the army proved straw, the cabinet inept, and the ring, conscious of its guilt and that its day of reckoning had come, confused and hysterical.

The people, faithful sons of atavism, were playing true to form as in all their previous history they had played when the wholesome fear of might was removed; and with fear removed and long curbed ambitions released, hell broke loose.

By certain sympathisers of the fallen government Madero was said to have won because of the moral support of the American Government and the money aid of large American interests —"big Business." This was repeated over and again to stir Mexicans to anti-American feeling, and was accepted by them as it was also by the great majority of newspapers and magazines and others who based their superficial knowledge on port rumours and café gossip.

The revolt with which Madero's name is associated really was begun in Chihuahua by Orozco as a protest against a local jefe, and when Madero returned from Texas where he had fled

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on his release from jail, the two joined in the common cause of revolt against Diaz. The money for their support came neither from an oil company nor any other foreign interest. It was a short campaign and an inexpensive one, and what Madero raised on his property, Orozco secured through forced loans, and the 700,000 pesos appropriated by Gustavo Madero from the funds of a railroad organised in Mexico and financed in Paris, comprised practically the entire amount. Were the claim of such foreign help a fact, the failure of the Madero government to protect these interests would show strange ingratitude. In truth one of the early things he did after inauguration was to create an export tax on oil.

Madero had an idea, the idea shared by every reputable citizen, that the lowly of his people ought to have greater opportunity, and that a country with eighty per cent. of its population uneducated was out of harmony with twentieth century civilisation. It was a good if not a novel idea, but needed experience, knowledge, force, to produce practical results.

He had the ideal, had honesty, had

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the wish, but he entered upon his most difficult office utterly unfitted by training or temperament, and surrounded himself with advisers who were little abler than he to meet the big questions confronting him, and not always cooperative. Unwise in his appointments, unversed in the political vagaries of his confrères, harassed by criticism and intrigue, he was a fated and a despairing figure. He was unable to exact compliance from his official family with the benevolent plan he had issued from San Luis Potosi; he failed to cure the ills he had railed against; the elections in the States remained about as usual, and "free land" developed little further than to remain the party banner. Failure was foreordained; the job was too big for him.

Diaz and Madero had one experience in common — the experience which Hidalgo and Morelos and Guerrero and Gomez Farias and Comonfort and Tejada, and other less conspicuous figures in Mexican history also shared before them — viz. their followers in the day of prosperity abandoned them in the hour of adversity.

When the Madero "idea" flamed

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into a conflagration which threatened the Diaz régime, the men whom it had brought to power, who had advantaged themselves richly when the palsied "iron hand" had lost its weight and grip, the men who owed their very political existence to the Dictator — scuttled like rats to escape, without a thought of their president or their country. When overwhelmed by State problems beyond his ken, surrounded by detractors, facing conspirators, Madero turned for counsel and support to the men with whom he had fought, to the friends that had applauded and cajoled him — they turned their backs.

The man who in 1910 had been hailed as the "redeemer" of his people, who had been elected in 1911 under the constitution of the country by the "largest (19,500) popular vote ever cast for a president in the history of Mexico," could not in February, 1913, muster sufficient support from among all these to hold the leadership of his army against so contemptible a coxcomb as Felix Diaz, or save the State or his life from so ill-equipped and vicious a company as the señors Huerta-Mondragon-Rodolfo Reyes, in those foul and tragic

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days of betrayal, and citizen butchery in February, 1913. The people that had wildly acclaimed Madero on his entrance into Mexico City, had hailed him as "the people's friend," as the deliverer from the "iron hand," and declared him to have "freed all Mexico from espionage and placed the Mexicans on their honour," marched cheering through the streets of the same city when the announcement came that Madero had been arrested by Huerta! The press which Madero had freed, criticised and caricatured him with neither fairness nor judgment. History had repeated itself.

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When the Americans Went to Mexico

THE suppression of lawlessness in Mexico was the signal for a foreign industrial invasion. Every now and again a story of its mines and ranches and farms had floated out between revolutions to friends at home from some American who had ventured into the country after our Civil War, but continuous internal strife kept it an unknown land to capital and labour.

First among those to respond to the Diaz call, in 1879, for help to build up his country, were the railroad men. England had been the pioneer with the Veracruz-Mexico City line, begun in 1854, but not been opened until twenty years later owing to continual disturbance, and in 1878 this and another short line to Querétaro, represented all there were of railroads in Mexico's eight hundred thousand square miles.

Quickly followed the miners, the ranchers, the planters, and last, the ex-

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plorers for oil, and along with these went the traders and the bankers and a host of managers, foremen, and clerks. It is also true that here, as is the case in the opening of every new field, especially railroad and mining field, there followed in the wake of legitimate business enterprise and venture, a class of promoters, of commercial renegades, hailing chiefly from America, that were no credit to either their country or the business world and who engaged in many varieties of questionable undertakings and were responsible for some rather shady stories which came out of the new country. It was a small class, but an annoying and a discreditable one, and almost the last of them were cleaned out by consular action under President Roosevelt.

In every industry these railroaders and miners and others of the same fine pioneer type that had developed their own great West, found crude methods of work; and everywhere the native labourer living wretchedly, illy paid and roughly, often brutally treated.

They replaced the human ore bucket with modern American machinery, the forked stick with the iron ploughshare

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and undertook the industrial education of that vast peon class for whose advancement or material care no native employer appeared to have given thought.

Before the foreigners came these workers received from the equivalent of twenty-five cents down to a mere allowance of corn for a day's work, whether in the mines or in the field, and had no fixed hours of labour; they were being paid before this present revolution, from at least four to eight and more times that much. Now, in 1916, on the railroads taken over by the Carranza government, labourers have been put back to where they were thirty years ago and are receiving four cents (gold) for their day's work.

The men employed by the light and power companies who now get one peso, or rather got it in 1912, in the old days received eighteen centavos; the house servants that worked for from two to eight pesos a month now receive from twenty-five to forty-five from the foreigner.

Everywhere the foreigner has raised the wages and regulated the working hours. And the Spanish and Mexican

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ranch and farm and mine owners have been compelled also to raise wages to some extent, and do not like the change.

A Mexican ranchero was paying his men fifty centavos a day when an oil company next door, so to say, opened for business and paid its men one peso fifty. The ranchero, Lopez by name, endeavoured to get the men back, not by raising their pay but by telling them they were foreigners' slaves, that the foreigners were going to take their country away from them, and more of the inflammatory talk common to this type of half breed. Soon after this Lopez joined the constitutionalist cause to "uplift the eighty per cent." But his conduct towards his men on that ranch showed his real concern for their well being.

Another equally characteristic but more pleasing instance is that of the manager of a Monterrey brewery who, just at starting, had a strike among his men for thirty instead of the twenty-five cents a day they had been given by the former owner. In peace time these men receive $1.50 and have since the American took hold. And that is

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the story throughout Mexico where the foreigner has gone into business.

I recall two ladies met in the Governor's anteroom in Morelia who complained that "the English ladies whose husbands had come to make the sewers, had paid servants so much that she must now pay as much as twenty-four reales ($2.40) a month for a cook."

The foreigner, having increased the worker's wage so that better living became a possibility, went on to teach him how, and surrounded his attempts with kindly thought and guidance.

There is not another field of labour in the world where the lowly have had the considerate and intelligent treatment as is given in Mexico to this great helpless labouring class by the English and Americans. Schools for their children, hospitals for their sick, baths, recreation centres for their entertainment, sanitary homes for their families; water and gardens furnished, their wages safeguarded against unscrupulous agents, and the destroying pulque habit combated. Such a paternalism is scarcely to be believed unless witnessed on the ground. Particularly the em-

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ployers tried to get the men to save their money, to make use of higher wages in better living, better food, shelter, and clothing for the family. The effort has never been easy and not always successful, for the average Mexican of this class is prone to spend the increase of money in extended idleness rather than to better his living conditions, and a process of education long and arduous has been a necessary prelude.

At the Santa Rosa mine near Saltillo the company built small houses for their men with a tillable quarter acre patch of land around each for which they pay the nominal sum of one peso a month.

At Ebano, at a cost of $10,000, the Huasteca Company erected a large and handsome recreation building containing a hall with stage and piano where entertainment is regularly provided, a well filled and chosen library for the more advanced, indoor games of many kinds and teachers for those that wish to improve themselves.

The Real del Monte Company, in order to save its men from the avaricious local store-keepers who were making the

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most of the recent food shortage, bought corn by the carload and sold it to the workmen at cost.

At Tampico the Mexican Petroleum Company during the famine period of last winter, brought in beans by the carload at a considerable expense and distributed them among its people.

Pachuca is in the pulque district and the miners are more or less accustomed to get drunk every Saturday night and spend all their money, except a small portion given the wife for the week's marketing on Sunday morning. This amount which the wife providentially exacts with much difficulty, is seldom if ever enough, so that when the supplies are exhausted it is the habit of the men to borrow against their Saturday pay check from the store and cantinas at a ten per cent. interest fee for the advance.

In an effort to save him this need to borrow and the consequent interest charge as well as to help his family to better, easier living, the Santa Gertrudis Company inaugurated a daily pay day at considerably increased bookkeeping, so that every one who desired might get one peso of his wage

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every day, the balance being held to the usual week end pay day.

The manager of the El Oro Company found that the "collectors"— the sort of head men that bring in applicants for work — were knocking down about one-third on each man they furnished, it being the long established custom to pay over to the collector the wages of the men he brought in. This the company stopped by paying direct to the workmen, who strangely enough — for such the contrary working of the Mexican mind — rebelled at first, but soon came to see its purpose and value when they got the entire amount of their wage. Any innovation with the Mexican is apt to draw his disapproval; and if the leaders are loud enough in their objections even a riot may occur over the inauguration of something as much for their own benefit as in this case.

I know another company in the Durango district which, although shut down and losing money every day, keeps a physician on their property to watch over the health of the families of their former workmen who were forced to join the army by pressure of the local jefe and hunger, fighting be-

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ing the only job left in most of Mexico.

These are but incidents taken here and there of the help given their workmen by the "foul foreign hand." All Mexico furnishes similar ones.

Formerly under Spanish and Mexican employers the workmen were obliged to patronise the company tienda de raya or store, where the supplies were doled to them at exorbitant prices as part payment, and frequently no cash was given at all or seldom. Now the company store has been abolished on all English and American properties, or if, in remote sections it exists as a convenience to the men, it has no connection with the paymaster department and the men buy or not as they please the same as at any other shop — except that here they get more for their money.

Particular attention has always been given also by the foreigners to the conduct of their foremen towards the Mexicans and Indians, especially the illiterate ones — to see that they are not roughly handled and no advantage taken of their ignorance. They are naturally suspicious and their treatment by their own people was, and still

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is, generally very severe. Pains are always taken in arranging their wages and their contract work to see that the men are satisfied and are given a good return for their labour. If there are any complaints they are patiently and willingly listened to and their accounts carefully gone over and explained.

When the American first went to Mexico shoes were unknown among any but the better classes. To-day in backward towns, like Leon for example, you hardly will find shoe shops, Americans not having operated in or around Leon and the wages being still low and the standard of living very much as it always has been. But where the Americans and English are engaged in development work you see shoes, felt hats, overalls, and especially children's clothing on sale in the native stores. You never see children in what could be called clothes in sections where the foreigners have not been. You never saw children in clothes at all anywhere before the foreigners came. You do see them clothed now for the foreigner has paid the peon enough to feed his family and dress them; and given him the desire to do so. Before the

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foreigners came even the men hardly were clothed for their pay, would not permit of it. I recall an oil painting hanging in a club of Mexico City that represents a scene in the Zocolo (plaza) of the city of about 1830, in which squatting peons and the aguadores are shown with only a breech-clout.

When the Americans went to Mexico there were practically but two classes of people, the ruling class and the working or peon class. The peon was the all-round labourer. In the saddle and on the cattle ranch he was excellent, but beyond this his knowledge extended only to a crude kind of mining and farming. When the mines and the railroads and the other industries of the foreigners began operation there was, therefore, no local supply of helpers apart from this ordinary worker; there was no skilled labour. Now there are not half as many Americans employed in foreign enterprises as even so recently as ten years ago. As foremen, shift bosses, underground or on the surfaces, as carpenters, mechanics, engineers afloat or ashore, clerks, they are filling the posts and filling them well. The master mechanics of many mines

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are Mexicans, and all the companies on the rivers prefer the native crews, from engineer to oiler, for their launches. The Mexican makes a most efficient mechanic and carpenter, and is especially clever at cabinet work. They are indeed naturally dexterous and competent at anything with their hands, as witnessed by their carving. The shoe factories in Mexico now rely entirely on native men and women.

The manager of a popular and cheap watch company told me that when they first started a branch factory in Mexico they found to their astonishment that the initial timing of watches on the assembling of its parts was nearly fifty per cent. better by both men and women than had been their experience in either the United States or England, indicating the greater care of the Mexican and especially the delicacy of the work he is capable of with his hands.

To build, to educate this class of native helpers required patient and expensive training, for considering its average of return, Mexican labour is not cheap; operations can be carried on more cheaply in America. But to develop helpers out of the natives of the

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country as well as to develop its resources was the plan of the American pioneer. Not that his impulse was charitable, but because the American believes in a square deal and his business habit and methods make for efficiency.

There is no doubt of the uplift given to the inert labouring class by American and other foreigners — always excepting the Spaniards, whom, in fact, I never refer to as "foreigners." From an illiterate, abject race of near-slaves, American enterprise and fair treatment have made them a people with a considerable number that can operate machinery, self-respecting, efficient; and — until revolution and the I. W. W. fell upon them — happy.

The record of the American in Mexico is one for his country to be proud of. He has given the peon a chance; he has helped to build a middle class. Above all he has created him industrially; for apart from increasing the wages of the lowest grade workman, he has produced higher grades of work, which before his coming were unknown in Mexico, and fitted the native to it.

This is what Bryan calls "exploit-

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ing" the native. But the native knows better. And the proof that he knows the American in Mexico better than Bryan or official Washington, is, that you never find him working for his own people if he can get work from the American.

Popular thought in America, based on the fanciful sketches of Mexico which have ruled in magazine and press, pictures an El Dorado with Americans roosting on the border like vultures ready to swoop upon every industrial tidbit uncovered. But Mexico was no virgin El Dorado; and Americans paid full market value for what they got.

Take mines for instance. The popular conception is a treasury which the Americans and English had but to enter — and pick up gold. The fact does bear out the fiction. Mexico is not the fabulous repository it is commonly thought to be except in the matter of quantity. For three hundred years the Spaniards and the Mexicans took the cream, which was very rich, and they were glad, not to say relieved, to sell to the Americans whom they urged to come in and work. Americans brought financial and scientific assist-

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ance to help operations which were nearing a termination because the native holders had reached the limit of their knowledge; and their advent was a life saver to camps that had long lain idle because the owners could not carry them farther by their primitive methods on the low-grade ores remaining. In a word, the Spaniards and Mexicans had worked out the mines they sought to dispose of.

The money and experience and knowledge and better ore treatment the Americans brought caused a revival of operations, and a new lease of mining life in Mexico. Large capital and great skill were necessary in such ventures because the property could not possibly be operated profitably on a small scale, and the resources finally developed by such means would have been untouched if left in Mexican hands.

Investments in Mexican mines have not been so remunerative on the whole as investments in mines in the United States for the reason that mines in Mexico, nine times out of ten, are old mines, whereas in the United States they are new. New discoveries or new districts in Mexico are rare. In

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twenty years I know of only a few.

There are the old mines in Sinaloa from which, in times past, the Mexican owners have taken a large amount of money, and which they now seek to sell at very high prices. To work these mines would require a very great capital for the purpose of sinking new shafts, providing better haulage and ventilation in order to go deeper and so make them pay through the quantity of ore removed. Guanajuato is an example of old mines practically dead which were bought by Americans and have been worked almost continuously for ten years and have paid little profit.

The coal mines in Coahuila, a really important and necessary industry for Mexico, have been in operation for the last fifteen years on an inferior coal which had to compete with a much better grade from the United States; a very large amount of money has been spent in bettering their washing plants and really very little profit on their outlay of capital has been made.

In a good many cases the old mines purchased have done well, mainly because foreigners have brought better methods of operation and capital to

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equip for deep work and for the treatment of the difficult ore which the Spaniards and the Mexicans could not handle. In as many cases or more, investments in Mexico have not been good and have been attended with a great deal of delay before anything like profitable work resulted. If Americans had not gone into Mexico, that country would now be in much the same condition as Guatemala and all the Central American republics.

Mexico needs to foster its mining industry very carefully. The business has reached its zenith and unless new discoveries are made and opened up, Mexico's glory as a great mining land will wane. And new discoveries are not too likely; the Spaniards were good prospectors and explored the country from end to end for mineral.

Some say the foreigners have "exploited" Mexico. Well, the mineral, the guayule, the oil, were always there — and had the foreigners not come, would have continued untouched for probably another four hundred years.

It would seem as if "developed" would be a more appropriate word to employ.

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The oil, for example, had always existed; for ages it had been known; the Aztecs employed it for the floors of their temples, but the Spaniard found no use for it. And undeveloped that marvellous reservoir of petroleum remained — while Mexico was buying petroleum outside of its border — until the genius of Charles A. Canfield and Edward L. Doheny unlocked it to the world in the year 1900. But it took courage and experience and more than three million of dollars before success came to reward the judgment and perseverance of these pioneers.

So the building and the prosperity of Mexico went on. The help which Diaz had asked for had been given freely, and in 1910 the foreign trade of Mexico in consequence was over five hundred million pesos — starting from less than one-tenth of that figure — twenty thousand miles of railroads had taken the place of the two short lines; one billion of American and another half billion of English money had been invested in the country; and the foreigners that had helped in the building were, for the greater number, still in residence the happy and prospering em-

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ployers of over two million improved and contented natives.

Most of the manufacturing industry, much of the planting, all of the electric power and lighting and street paving, all of the railroads, and all of modern mining were developed by foreigners and financed for the most part by foreigners. All the notable buildings in the country not left by the Spaniards, were designed and built by foreigners; and foreigners pay eighty per cent. of the internal taxes of Mexico.

In a word, Mexico's natural but dormant resources have been quickened into life and dollars by foreign enterprise and capital which have brought great riches to the country and great betterment to its people. In this industrial and human development the American has taken a leading and an honourable part. Let us glance at some of the types of him that thus "served humanity" practically and their own country as advance trade agents in Mexico.

Allen was a chemist in New York, where returning soldiers from the Mexican War had told him of the archaic drug shops in Mexico City, and thus

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opened his eyes to a new and likely business field. He made the journey by sailing boat and stage, and opened the first adequate drug compounding house in Mexico City before our Civil War. His children were born in Mexico and all he held dear were there. His business success brought orders to American wholesalers who passed the proceeds on to the American producers of drugs and appliances and medicines. He extended American trade. His work was and is of benefit to Mexico.

Bates was a wet plate photographer. His war time wagon took him to Mexico long before the railways. Photography was for the rich at that time; he made it a possibility for the poor. His simple portraits perpetuate the memory of thousands of heads of Mexican families. He prospered and showed the way to better materials and paraphernalia — from the United States. He extended our trade in Latin America, and the supply house he established still takes American goods in great quantities to our Latin-American friends. He and his kind by their presence and industry turn orders

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away from Germany to the United States.

Childs came with the railroad. He was chainman in a gang of the first surveyors. He learned to know and to like the peon, as no Mexican can like his inferior. He rose to high grade on the railways. He and hundreds of his kind kept the Mexican railways Americanised, and also Americanised the English built roads. Every year they turned millions of dollars of orders into American shops and foundries and rolling mills, which passed the millions on to carpenters, upholsterers, lumber jacks, mechanics, puddlers, and miners — all American. He and his kind serve their country and extend their trade. They have got "better acquainted," as President Wilson has advised. They have educated the Mexican along the railway lines to do the work of Americans. When they first came, in the 1880's, contractors were forced to bring with them timekeepers and all clerks needed, for there were no reading or writing Mexicans for the work at that time. When these American railroad builders came the last time they found all their required clerical

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force on the ground, native. They have served to educate, more, they have trained the Mexican and so helped him as well as the trade of their own country.

Dean was a Colorado prospector. There are thousands of Deans. He heard in the late '80's that Mexican mining laws had at last been revised to protect owners against confiscation through chaotic and capricious taxation. He went mine hunting and found that only the bonanzas were being worked by the native owners. He took a low grade Spanish rabbit-holed hillside and brought American machinery down the railroad, over the trails, and, by block and tackle, up and over the hills and through the canyons. And he made the abandoned mine pay.

Other Deans came, bringing American machinery and cables and tools. All mines in the country saw the advantage of their appliances, and to-day no other brand is being used over all of Mexico. Dean and his kind did it. Most of them lost their money, but the trade they built up has enriched the American producer, and his workers, down to the man who mined the iron

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ore. And they paid the Mexican miner four times more than his former Mexican employer paid him, and treated him a hundred fold better. Now-a-days the Mexican miner will work only for an American or English employer if there is one in his district.

Eads was a lawyer. On a suit for a client who sold office supplies, he went to Mexico City. His suit dragged pitifully and he loafed around the Mexican branch of his client. He became attracted to the trade and dropped into a chair permanently. He has sold furniture, all American now, for twenty years. His American made goods have, by his presence and his personality, been so strongly pushed, that his orders to American factories have exceeded ten million dollars. The factory has paid this out to its workers for assembling and making; and to lumbermen for the wood, who have passed it on to their axmen and teamsters; to cloth mills, who have passed it on to their spinners; and, through wholesalers, ginmen, and planters, to the Americans who picked the cotton and sheared the sheep.

Eads has paid the price of success as

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a salesman; he has been accused of having a "stand-in"; but it is as certain as the rain in August (Mexico) that if he had not been on the ground to pick up those ten millions of dollars orders, the orders would have gone to German or French or English factories, and enriched European instead of American workmen.

Fenn was a mechanic. The railways brought him down. He set up a shop for working iron and equipped it with American machines. No other iron working machinery is now used in Mexico; the American salesmen on the ground see to that. Take them, and Fenn, and his kind away and the machinery will come from elsewhere, and this contribution to American export and American workmen, and, through the company, the shop, and the mine, will go across the water. And Fenn took the raw Indian, who has a strange machine sense, and made him an ironmaster. As a result the Indian is fond of Fenn and is educating his children on the wages the Fenns pay him.

Green was a stockman in Texas. He knew that in the livestock country of Mexico milch cows are scarce, and

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brought a carload to Querétero where he started a dairy. Cows are not bred in Mexico, and he began the business, since then extended, of the importation of cows. He and other Americans have furnished milk to the people free from water, and clean. Their imports of milch cows has sent hundreds of thousands of dollars to farmers and ranchers in the West and Middlewest.

Howe was a farmer. He took up a small ranch near the Gulf Coast. His Mexican neighbours hired their help; he did his own work with American machinery. His neighbours saw the advantage of the deep plough over the fork of a tree, and began to buy American agricultural machinery. The example was given by Howe; the American manufacturer and workman profit. And the Mexican farmer has the American machinery habit, which he will hold as long as the example lasts.

Ives drifted to Mexico as a plumber. He is now known as the best in the business. He boosts American plumbing supplies against the English, French, and German, and keeps them from a clear field and the money spent for these necessary house furnishings by having

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live salesmen and enthusiastic boosters on the ground.

Jones was a contractor who would try anything in the construction line. He could underbid his Mexican, Spanish, and English rivals because the peon labourers followed him; and the labourers followed him because he treated them right and worked them laughing. He bought American shovels and picks and showed his rivals the way to tool economy. But for him they would have continued to buy their tools in England. He knew something better than the two-wheel whole body dump cart; he brought down American four-wheel under-dump wagons, and his competitors had to do the same, and the result was increased trade for the American manufacturers, better treatment for Mexican drivers and labourers generally — not to speak of increased work for American factories and wheelwrights.

Keep, knowing that the growing American colony would buy American groceries, began competition with the Spanish tienda men on their own ground. His groceries were all American. They were laid before Mexicans

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at American houses. And the American canner has had an income from Mexico to pass on to the tinsmith, the fruit grower, the farmer, and the fisherman of the United States. When Keep and his many American grocer associates leave Mexico, the Mexican trade will go again to Spain and France.

Leach was a California oil man who heard of asphalt exudes in Mexico. He had men, and he had money. He bought and leased his land, and then began the most heartbreaking business of them all, fighting jungle, mud, distance, and time. He risked every dollar he had in the world, but he produced the first oil in Mexico and gave the world a cheaper fuel and Mexico a new source of wealth. He multiplied the Mexican workers' wages by four, and gave them schools and hospitals and homes and comforts. His tools, machinery, wagons, mules, traction-engines, pumps, pipe, rails, locomotives, and everything necessary in a business that makes necessary the building of whole towns and communities at the company's expense, came from his own country.

He and other oil men that followed

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him have brought into Mexico thousands of miles of American pipe, and hundreds of acres of tank plates. Had they not ventured from home and risked their money, this enormous business would have gone to the hard competing German or the well-established and confident Englishman.

The balance of the alphabet could be filled out with others of that company of advance agents who, invited by Diaz, encouraged by the treaty which assures them and their property full guarantees of protection, went to Mexico until their number swelled to probably fifty thousand in 1910. There they risked life, money; created industry, raised their homes, reared their children, and built up America's trade with Mexico until her share was sixty per cent. of the whole; which means that American exports to Mexico were more than to either China or the Philippines.

These are the men who have been doing practical "uplift" work in Mexico, and these the Americans, their women, and their children whom the Administration abandoned to a furious half-civilised people in a tempest of anarchy!

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What Is a Concession?

As "free land" is the loudly proclaimed panacea of the Mexican orator-revolutionist for all the ills of Mexico, so "big business" as the root of all evil in Mexico is the apparition of President Wilson, and of all the scribbling theorists and professional pacifists that have cast a casual eye upon that unhappy and but little understood country.

Because Lord Cowdry had been unusually favoured in the way of an oil exploring license by the Diaz Government with a view to bring English competitors into the oil field, and the Waters Pierce Company and Cowdry later engaged in a price cutting war, it must necessarily follow, according to Administration logic, that one or the other or both of them were fomenting revolution in their commercial rivalry, and hence all other rival investors in Mexico must be engaged in undermining the Government in a general struggle for illegal advantage.

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Woodrow Wilson affects to believe and seeks to make the people of the United States believe through his unjust, polished phrases, that the business ventures of Americans in Mexico are predatory and baneful; that they are based on "concessions" scenting to high heaven with fraudulent special privilege wrung from the Mexican Government through corruption at the expense of the Mexican people.

Neither the President nor the editors who take their cue from his slanderous fluency appear to know what a concession is.

The word "concession" has been used as a bait for speculators, and in newspaper "write ups," by the smooth promoters, of whom Mexico has had more than its share, to imply especial, personal, and exclusive favour. It is not all or any one of these things in the sense inferred. It is instead merely a national license to do business without the handicap of local extortion.

Any and every government contract is a concession. A contract to lay sewers, to lay a pipe line, to sell mules, to build a factory or a hospital or a school, to buy timber tracts on the pub-

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lic domain, to explore a given section for mineral or water, to supply beef or coal or oil to any public institution, — is called a concession in Mexico. In a word, wherever you wish to be free from petty graft, you seek a concession. There once was a form of surveying concession where a block of land was given in return for the surveying and plotting of certain great stretches of unmapped and literally untravelled government land,— but that man paid dearly for his land. George Washington acquired much land in Virginia by a similar form of concession.

There are no concessions in Mexico granted to Americans that can compare in generosity or objectionable features with the franchises and grants our own country gave the railways from the Mississippi to the Pacific. In the sense of monopolistic privilege or government subsidy, concessions do not exist in Mexico for Americans or American companies.

The most usual form of Federal "concession" is the contract for the Establishment of New Industries. On showing that you are opening a new industry you can make a contract with

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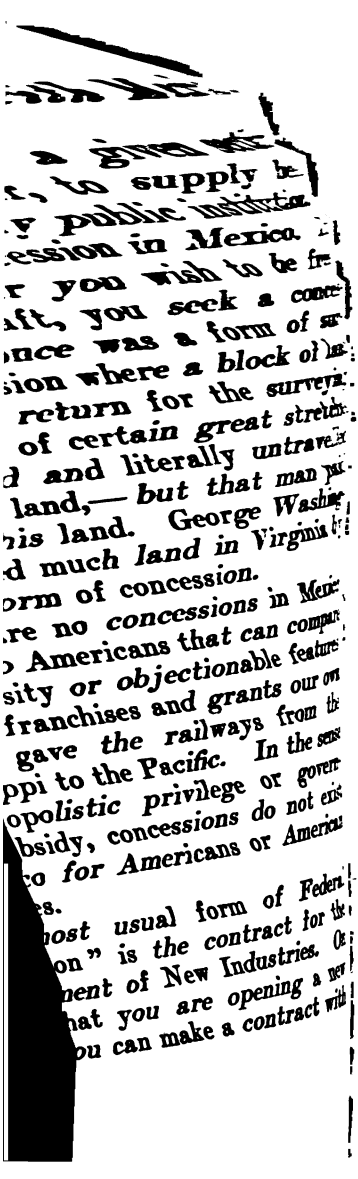

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antees against robbery by taxation. It "guarantees," but it does not invariably protect. I know of several legitimate foreign enterprises holding concessions that were taxed out of business by the connivance of state and local officials; and the list is long of those not holding concessions that have been obliged to close their doors because of the constant plucking to which they were submitted.

Then there is also the local concession. For example, the American Smelting and Refining Company wants to put up a smelting plant at either San Luis Potosi or Aguas Calientes. In its desire to get the business and the increase of population, and the free school and hospital that it knows the Americans always build and in which particular this company is notably generous, Aguas offers an exemption from local taxes for, say, twenty years. And the contract is made and the concession granted.

Similar contracts all over America are offered constantly by hustling towns seeking to attract industries, without those receiving the exemption

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agreements being called "sinister interests."

However it is entirely true that all of the large plantations, ranches, mines, oil companies, every foreign developing company, have given money at different times during the last five years to the assorted brands of "patriots" that come seeking a "loan"; given often and to all factions just as little as they could get off with. And they are still giving it, in this present day of constitutional government, to the various representatives of the Carranza cohorts who seek them out and demand it.

This is self protection, not fomenting revolution. There is no choice; they must give in order to continue business and retain their property. And even giving has not always saved them; the loss by the foreigners from wanton destruction and robbery after such "protection" reaches hundreds of thousands of dollars.

It is also true that despite these contracts, these concessions, all foreign interests have been compelled to pay official tribute to whatever group held the balance of national power in their

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immediate neighbourhood; to each when there was disputed authority or a shifting command, or, as at present, to such Carranza local jefe as may be on the job. Tribute and graft. Americans "exploiting Mexicans"!

There is no "big business" in Mexico as big business is understood and exists in America, in the sense of allied or monopolistic combinations of like interests. The biggest smelting interest comes nearest to that classification, but it has vigorous and unoppressed rivals. There are no American owned industrial monopolies in Mexico. The Standard Oil Co., to whose fearsome activities we see such frequent reference by these writing casuists, is really a very small influence in the Mexican oil producing world. There are indeed few monopolies as such of any ownership in Mexico,— a dynamite factory, a brewery in Sonora, some pearl fisheries on the California Gulf Coast, two cigarette manufactures,— one or two others, the list is shorter than can be found in a like area elsewhere and not one of them is held by an American.

While the ownership and manage-

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ment of the mines and power and light and oil enterprises are held to the major extent by Americans and English, Mexicans are on the directorate of many of these and separately own companies that are strong and progressive. For example, Mexican control and ownership is represented by somewhat less than one-third of the ninety operating oil companies; by eighteen out of forty-eight listed industrial companies; by four out of sixteen electric light and power companies, while they share the management with the French and English of the eight chartered banks of Mexico City.

There has of course been struggle for monopoly in Mexico just as there is and always has been in the United States, and along the same lines; but in no instance has the rivalry resulted harmfully to the labouring class, or taken anything from the Mexicans that belonged to them. On the contrary, there is no company in Mexico which has made more intelligent effort and done more extensive or practical work for the betterment of the peon, than the American S. & R. Co. which in an effort to control the smelting business has

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tried for long to buy out its competitors.

Not only is the theory of the "interests" in Mexico being fostered and safeguarded by special and monopolistic privilege, at fault, but the oft repeated statement that the business ventures of foreigners are founded on concessions is also untrue. Literally the reverse is the fact. The overwhelming number of foreign interests in Mexico is represented by small independent enterprises — merchants, miners, engineers, planters, contractors, manufacturers — who have no concession and no connection with trusts or combines. There are "crooks" and there is dishonest business in Mexico, of course, as in every other spot on the globe,— Mexico is not Utopia,— but these are the exceptions. As a whole a cleaner, more creditable body of men never represented business America anywhere. No slander more venomous or injustice more wanton could be uttered than the statement that these men, who are in fact the best friends in Mexico of the "submerged 80 per cent.," have "exploited" the native.

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When Carranza Came to Town

WHEN Carranza entered Mexico City in August, 1914, after declining to receive the provisional president's (Carbajal) emissary, General Lauro Villar, (one of Madero's few officers to remain loyal), the Constitutionalists had won their fight. The purpose for which they had gone to war — defeat of Huerta, rescue of the constitution — had been attained. Huerta's elimination had been effected through the landing of United States troops at Veracruz, his officers had laid down their arms, none opposed the restoration of the constitution; and the people, worn and impoverished with revolutionary ravages, were eager to acknowledge and support this man who proclaimed himself the champion of the lowly, and an upholder of constitutional government.

In the name of that constitution and of legality and for the "uplift of the submerged 80 per cent." he assumed

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control as First Chief of the Constitutionalists; following which he promptly decreed a "pre-constitutional" period. It became a government by manifesto. A decree of the First Chief in charge of the Executive Power had all the effect of law. There was no other law. Having set aside that historic and dearly prized document for which so much blood had been spilled, he allowed his officers to take what they pleased. And the officers did. No property was safe. The street tramways English owned and managed, were confiscated and run by the First Chief and his officers. The railroads, the express companies, were seized and operated for war revenue. Houses, automobiles, horses, pianos, furniture, ornaments, clothing, were taken over, used, sold, or destroyed as suited the fancy of the moment and the individual. The submerged 80 per cent., as represented by the Carranzista soldiery, slept on the concrete floors of the patios of the luxurious houses occupied by their self-denying officers, and waited on them; the others of the submerged 80 per cent. recognised in this, their advertised "deliverance," only a new name for a

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game with which they had long been familiar.

It was a shock to the credulous; it led to the disagreements which finally resulted in the unnecessary break with Villa,— who had won the strategic battles of the campaign, was valuable, and could have been handled; and it plunged the land into an orgy of robbing, killing, and raping, such as it had never been subjected to.

And to this miserable period el pueblo, the lowly for whose "freedom and happiness" it was inaugurated, continued as usual the prey of official thievery and the victims of soldier lust who made no distinction so far as could be seen between the "enemy" and these people of the land, their own people, innocent of political animus or active hostile act.

As I rode from Tehuacan to Esperanza to get around a cut in the railroad line made by a band of ex-federals that had gone on the warpath again, as the only resort left after their overtures for peace had been rejected, I stopped to feed and rest my horse at Tlacotepec. It was a little Indian village which lay on the road of both the

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federals and the Carranza troops, and had paid heavy toll within three days. The federals had done little damage, but the constitutionalists broke open houses, helped themselves to whatever caught their eye, and, disregarding the earnest request of the villagers that they be permitted to cut and bring feed for the soldiers' horses, turned the animals into the corn fields and of course caused irremediable damage. One man told me he had hid his daughter all day in a corn stack to keep her out of sight of the soldiers who raped the women wherever they could lay hands on them.

Another night and at another time in riding across the San Luis Potosi line into Coahuila I passed a small Mexican ranch where all the little belongings of the owner's family had been burned and the daughter carried off.

General Pablo Gonzales, who headed Carranza's southward move before the advance of Villa, stopped a time at Pachuca and while he issued manifestos breathing patriotism and love for his people, his soldiers looted the native shops and his officers preyed upon the women.

A mother and her two daughters

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walking on the streets were accosted by an officer and a demand made for the elder daughter. The daughter objecting, the officer seized her arm and when she and her mother set up an alarm soldiers were called and all three of the women taken into the quartel or barracks, where they were held until the next day.

In the same town under the same Carranza general a native walking with his wife was shot down in cold blood by an officer who had tried to take his wife from him and been resisted.

When Obregon entered Guadalajara he harangued the people on the peace and justice of the constitutionalist cause, hanging over the school doors that motto of Benito Juarez — "respect for the rights of others is peace." With this sentiment securely nailed up and a discourse on the devotion of his generals to the interests of the people, delivered, said generals proceeded to give a practical exhibition of that regard. They lodged the troops and the horses in the public institutions, soiling and damaging them; confiscated automobiles and horses, broke into houses, taking and distributing the furniture

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and clothing among their followers, looted the shops; and finally opened a store for the sale of the booty thus gathered.

At Texcoco a constitutionalist Colonel seeing one day a girl on the street that pleased his eye, sent his orderly after and fetched her; for no father can stand in the way of the officers' lust without paying for it with his life, and everywhere the poor people know it. This girl was used by the officer for a few days, and then turned over to his orderly. In the same town another officer saw a girl on a balcony as he passed, but this girl had also seen the officer and when his orderly came later there had been an exodus from town of the remaining women and girls to the City of Mexico.

The Mexican part owner of a mining property on the edge of Hidalgo had his fifteen year old daughter taken off and violated by the Constitutionalists, after which he was charged with being a Zapatista and thrown into jail!

These are but typical cases of what happened wherever the "patriots" roamed.

The beans and corn and cattle of

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the natives were as little exempt as their women. One of the choice perquisites which these patriotic generals gathered at the expense of the people for whose "betterment we fight" was through control of the sale of all cattle. Those owning cattle were commanded under penalty of confiscation to bring them to the general in their section. The general set his own price, less than could be got in the open market, for hide and meat, and sold to the army or elsewhere at a handsome profit for himself. There was no escape from this market and no redress. No one else than he was permitted to either buy or sell; if any attempted it their stock was confiscated — and very likely they lost other property also, for in these days when the army is the law of the land, to disobey an unjust or whimsical order is to become a man marked, and finally to lose everything at the hands of these brave sons of their country for daring to oppose the will of the general. Such a one was welcomed in every section because he "legalised" depredations.

General Gonzales, of Pachuca ill fame and who later was made Com-

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mander of the Federal District, came to be almost a cattle king. While he was in the Tampico district he and his staff confiscated — stole — cattle to the amount of full $30,000 gold, from the foreign companies in the neighbourhood. Theirs was often too a wholesale hide industry. At such times they shot the cattle in the fields, stripped off the hides and left the carcass on the ground to rot. Meanwhile the poor of Tampico went without meat!

In town the Governors also had a look in on the looting. One of the most active in this game was Coss of Puebla, sometime mule driver in Coahuila, who found no commercial till too humble to rifle, and brooked no interference without showing his displeasure. There was, for example, a pawnbroker from whom Coss had taken jewelry, diamonds, to the amount of 100,000 pesos, but who, through some influence or other, got an order from the military commander directing Coss to return the loot. Most of it was given back, but the Governor kept on that pawnbroker's track until he at last ruined him.

On a night while I was in Puebla the

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local University officers, and all the students in the building at the time, had been arrested because some of the Governor's loot scouts in searching the vaults of the cathedral for treasure, had found bones — no doubt the bones of some faithful padre long since passed to his rest and thus honoured by being buried on the scene of his life's work.

Robbing the church "for the people," by the way, is and has always been the cry of the revolutionists, but no profit of it has ever reached the people, whose share on the contrary has been loss of the hospitals and other charitable institutions up-kept by the church.

It was not necessary to have taken part in any of the demonstrations of any of the many factions, to come under the displeasure of a constitutional general. Reputable Mexican citizens like Yanez, Irigoyen, and Alcala of Chihuahua were killed by Villa and the Carranza generals, merely for belonging to the educated class. Men who had never taken any share in the politics of their country were hunted down, robbed, and murdered. It was so everywhere.

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The foreigners also paid their price to the constitutionalists.

When Pablo Gonzales of the Carranzista forces left Mexico City at the first coming of the Zapatistas, he retreated to Pachuca, where he settled down to enjoy himself in that rich mining town, having incidentally announced himself as the one real president of the several then in the running.

First, there was of course need of horses, so his soldiers confiscated all they could find belonging to local Mexican mining companies and then set out to gather in some fine mules and other stock belonging to an American outfit. This company however had several native guards on duty who warned the Gonzales thieves to keep away; and in the fight that ensued one of the looters was killed as he rode off on a mule. And the result? The guard just escaped being shot for defending his master's property and the American company was fined or rather forced to pay as tribute to Gonzales twenty-five thousand pesos!

At another one of the three largest mining towns in the country, the English company had shut down its

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mill because it could not do business, and had but recently recovered some fifty or more bars of bullion to which Carranza had taken a fancy and relinquished with reluctance only under pressure. The company could get no dependable guarantee that its future product would not be again stolen, could get no cars for shipping, so it closed its plant. Nevertheless it continued to employ a considerable number of men on half time just pottering around on various odd jobs, solely for the purpose of helping the men. The jefe de armas, of whom every district has one, and who is the local boss and district military chief, and, together with pulque, the greatest curse of the country, began stirring up trouble; he threatened the superintendent, made demands on the company, and finally incited the men to strike.

Of course the men were prime for a strike, being on half time — and entirely unappreciative of the company's generous spirit in giving them work at all when it was out of pocket — so they sent a committee to the Carranza Governor, who came to camp and commanded the superintendent to put the

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men on full time and start the mill. But the jefe was not satisfied; he continued to make himself extremely offensive, running in and out of the mill and going so far as to tell the superintendent that if he discharged any man he "would put him back at work and make it d— disagreeable for you."

In Oaxaca Carranza ordered an American owned brewery which had closed because it could not meet its expenses on the depreciated money, to open and to keep prices as formerly notwithstanding to do so spelled ruin for the owner.

At Puebla Governor Coss was issuing decrees daily. Merchants were ordered to sell their merchandise at the same price as that asked in 1912 regardless of the intervening losses, and the drop in value of the peso. Merchants were shipping through five different customs houses while the duties levied on the same class of exports varied from three-quarters to ten centavos a kilo, according to the grafting habit of the Coss under chief running it.

In the City of Mexico the street railway company fell a victim to an inspired strike. In the municipal office

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the company's lawyer told the Governor he had five hundred old employees that wished to return to work and asked police protection. "And I have one thousand soldiers to prevent them returning," was the Governor's pre-constitutional reply.

I sat one night in the little Zacatecas plaza at the side of the curiously and ornately decorated old church, listening to the sorrowful tale of an American miner who had been cleaned out so completely he was actually living with one of his peons, eating his corn and beans until the railroad opened and he could go north. He was fifty years of age, had lived in Mexico twenty years, knew the language, the country, the people, and liked them all. His small savings had been put into a mining claim he had found and filed on. That was his "stake," to be realised on with the further opening of the country. Then came the revolution.

Now there was no work to be had and the enormous increase in mine taxes meant that he must forfeit his property; he could not even reach, much less work his mine. And so with his stake lost he was eating the corn

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of his peon, looking for a chance to beat his way to the border — and what do then, a man of fifty with the last half of his life spent in the country from which he was a fugitive!

An Englishman who had his every dollar in a mine and had been doing very well on his shipments to the smelter, told me he was, as I knew to be true, selling cigarettes around the town in order to get enough money to pay for his meals. And meantime he had over twenty thousand dollars' worth of ore which had been made ready and could not be shipped.

The big power plant at Necaxa which had given employment at a good wage to thousands of Mexicans, had enabled mines and industries in and around the city to operate much more cheaply, was closed down by the revolution after an enormous expenditure.

And so the story ran over all stricken Mexico.

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Under Pre-Constitutional Conditions

THE result of this patriotic movement carried over two years is (I am writing this paragraph September 7, 1916) devastation of country, near cessation of business enterprise, partial famine, distress and disquiet among the "submerged 80 per cent"; and graft, riches, despotism in the official class that set out to ease the lowly among their compatriots.

Here is the recent comment of an intelligent Mexican on present conditions in his country:

"Indians and peons, the middle and the upper classes as well, are starving, while the 'patriots'—oh, those noble patriots who want nothing but the democratic welfare and happiness of the people—are enriching themselves rapidly; exchanging the loot for gold which they export and deposit in American banks to insure the future."

This is a trifle overdrawn, for the Mexican can never paint a picture without more or less colour, but none the

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less it is a fact that the members of the Carranza official family, including the army officers, are the only comfortable folk in Mexico; and it is also a fact that constitutional government seems farther off than it did a little over two years ago when Carranza first came into Mexico City.

Whatever there is of tangible progress is towards oligarchy rather than towards democracy. Carranza has made himself and his group the law of the land; he dictates prices, taxes, wages, with grave assurance and narrow view; his monetary decrees read like the emanations of a mad house. The repudiation by his Government of its own money for the payment of public dues, the nullification of existing notes of large value — never in all history has there been anything to equal it in lunacy and knavery. And his decree threatening practical seizure or foreclosure for those merchants who, to escape ruin through this financial legerdemain, proposed to close their doors, shows no comprehension of the national problem and no thought, at least no sane thought, to help his people.

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Let us review Carranza's dizzy record in making and unmaking the peso. In September, 1913, he published a decree authorising himself to issue an "interior loan" to cover the expenses of the revolution in the form of fiat money. The amount announced was 4,000,000 pesos, nominal, and was considerably over issued. It was also easily counterfeited. The decree made it a crime of any Mexican or resident foreigner to discount or refuse to take it. Therefore it was forced on the public for valuable provender, most of it at fifty cents United States gold per peso, as exchange had not begun to fall when it was first issued.

In December, 1914, without notice Carranza declared this issue all void. It is true that on September 17, 1915, a notice did appear that Monclova bills presented at the light house in Veracruz, whence the prudent "liberator" had retired, would be exchanged for the new issues if offered before the end of the month, but the time was so short and communication so difficult, that practically none was able to take advantage of this brief respite. So the issue became a total loss to the public,

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and a total free gain to the Carranza Government.

About May, 1914, another issue, "ejército" money, was brought out. This was uncertain in total issue. Side by side with it circulated the lithographed "Gobierno Provisional" money, as well as paper produced in abundance on a cheap press in Calle Cinco de Mayo, Veracruz. Carranza's decree limited this paper issue to 250,000,000 pesos face value; lately he has admitted there was an over issue and that 750,000,000 of such "money" was put forth, but there is little doubt that the sum actually floated on the public was three times that figure.

This paper issue was turned over with prodigality to the generals and special agents of Carranza, who used it for payment of troops, and purchase of supplies. But a great use of it was to "buy" local foodstuffs — beans, garbanza, etc., that could be sold in Cuba, Spain, and the United States for the real money which they had to pay in advance for ammunition.

Parenthetically I will say here, it is well established that a considerable source of income to Carranza officials

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has come from the fodstuffs which have been taken, not bought, from the people and shipped out. While the American Red Cross was taking in food to the half starved people of the northeastern states, this game was in process. Red Cross ships discharging for the people, and Carranzista ships loading to take away and sell what came from the people, were common at a single wharf! And it is still going on and will go on as long as the beans hold out, and the United States permits its ammunition to go into a prostrate country where the little the people have is liable to be taken from them. The Red Cross may be forced out of business, but the "double cross" is always working in Mexico.

Returning to Carranza's monetary system: — a new "uncounterfeitable" issue began to arrive in December, 1915. There had been much question as to how it was to be put in circulation, the problem being to make about 2,500,000 pesos fit into 500,000,000 new issue. Carranza and Cabrera, his Secretary of Finance, both declared the existing issue to be a "sacred debt of the revolution," and that the new issue would be

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exchanged peso for peso for the old one.

When the time came, in the course of a series of rapidly appearing and contradictory decrees, it was finally decided not to exchange the old money — the "sacred debt"— but to get the new issue in circulation through the payment of officials, etc., making it obligatory on business men to mark all prices and pay all labourers on a gold basis, and to make payments at five of the new issue for one Mexican gold; or ten to one American money.

Then the old issue, the aforesaid "sacred debt," was absolutely voided with the exception that persons were allowed to deposit their old bills with the Treasury for a mere receipt without engagement for reimbursement at any fixed time.

To get a good understanding of what this means in Mexico, let us suppose that the United States should suddenly declare all silver certificates void. Then all bank bills. Then all Federal reserve notes. Then that it should issue a new currency guaranteed against counterfeiting, reading only "United States of America (so many) Dollars"

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without reference to law or promise to make good. Suppose that everybody in the United States was morally sure that as soon as this remarkable new issue was out it would be declared void. What chance to do business would any of us have? That is what Carranza's monetary decrees and the "bilimbique" money have done for Mexican business, — bilimbique being the name given to the Constitutionalist peso printed on paper, to distinguish it from real money.

Indeed the acts of the Carranzistas suggest a group of unlearned, inexperienced irreligious anarchists, come to new power. Nearly every ruling reveals crass economic ignorance and ignores the democratic principle by which they claim to be actuated.

On June 11, 1916, a decree was issued by Carranza as "First Chief of the Constitutionalist Army and in Charge of the Executive Power of the United States," nullifying all acts executed by private parties in which "functionaries" (including notaries and brokers) of the "Huertista and the Convencionista" (this was the Aguas Calientes convention govern-

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ment) "usurping administrations and of the alleged governments of Oaxaca and Yucatan, may have intervened or participated."

This decree covers practically everything that affects the personal status of citizens and foreigners, excepting only the births and deaths and those marriages where children have been born or where one of the parties has died. It also covers judicial procedure in civil matters, including estates, and in some penal cases, revalidation of which may be had at the discretion of the Government if asked for on or before December 30, 1916, and provided the stamp tax is paid over again!

On the same date, another decree was issued by the same "First Chief," reestablishing in part the Circuit and District Federal Courts provided for by the law of December 16, 1908, and its amendments (prior to February 22, 1913), but "with the various modifications originating out of the present circumstances existing in the country"!

Of the courts to be re-established the decree specifically excludes the Supreme Court; "this is exacted," the decree

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says, "by the pre-constitutionality of the Government"! but the decree gives certain powers of the Supreme Court to the "First Chieftainship." The great writ of "Amparo" is not re-established because "the constitutional order (or procedure) is in suspense," and "individual guarantees are in suspense," as the decree says.

With 90 per cent. of the mines idle and thousands upon thousands of Mexicans out of work on that account, Carranza recently decreed a new mining tax which increases the rate on the property thirty-seven times over what it had been, and adds the new feature of a 25 per cent. tax on the mines' output! Taxes of mines in Mexico were already greater than anywhere else in the world; raising them still higher is quite likely to suspend operations in districts like Guanajuato, Zacatecas, and others which have been able only just to keep moving. It is another instance of Carranza's obstinate disregard of consequences to his own country. Yet another instance of the desperate effort making to get income, is the last June decree taxing banks of the first class from one to five thou-

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sand pesos a month, payable in national gold or silver.

Never before has revolution in Mexico brought such widespread suffering and hopelessness, because of loot and destruction long sustained. Life is insecure, property unprotected, there is no free press, no constitution, no constructive effort bringing practical or helpful results, and the country is bankrupt.

Because the Americans have been forced out to so great an extent by their Government's abandonment of them, there is little work and wages are low; and graft is the chief reason of the low wage.

Take the Carranza run railways for instance. The merchant who wants to ship a carload must first pay the superintendent of the road up to six thousand bilimbiques before he will be able to get a car. Then the yard master must be tipped about two hundred bilimbiques to move the car. Then the agent of the merchant must follow up the road — trains run only in daylight these days — and watch for the car on sidings. If it has been cut out, he must pay another two hundred to the local

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patriot to get the car attached to another train. And so he follows it on to its destination. Thus the merchant through tips and graft pays the railroad more than ever before. He must add the "extras" to his prices, but the railroad takes in only the regular old rate fixed in Mexican silver but paid in depreciated bilimbiques. Therefore little remains with which to pay the trainmen.

The only district where work conditions approached normal last May was at Tampico, where the lowest paid labourer in the oil fields received one dollar United States, or forty-two pesos bilimbiques. The railway locomotive engineers were being paid eighteen pesos bilimbiques; and decided to strike. The leaders were arrested and taken to Monterrey, and it was announced they would be shot. But Carranza cannot afford to shoot an engineer; they are scarce. However, the strike was put down by intimidation and to-day the government engineer receives less than half what American companies in the oil district pay their lowest peons.

The chance to do business or earn wages has gone, except in the oil pro-

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ducing regions which continue at work because near the coast, and depending on private pipelines and steamers for transport, cannot be killed as all other industry has, through the government "ownership" of railways, and consequent grabbing of all the profits.

Meanwhile the Casa del Obrero Mundial, which is the I. W. W. of Mexico, sends forth its wage raising mandates to the merchants, which has no other result than to lay off more and more men, as business is cut lower and lower.

It would be interesting to trace the number and length of bank accounts held in the American border towns by the patriots across the line.

Having in mind the battle cry of the Constitutionalists, "free land" and "death to all big business," the study of a circular sent out from Mexico City January 24, 1916, is most interesting. This circular, elaborately done, sets forth, that "taking into account the great development all the sources of wealth of the country will experience, as a consequence of the era of peace that has solidly begun"(!) "we have formed a company named: Company for the Encouragement of National

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Riches, Ltd., which we have the honour to communicate to you, asking you to take note of the signatures at the bottom."

Now the "signatures at the bottom" include that of Niceforo Zambrano, who is Treasurer General of the Carranza Government, and Pablo Gonzales, who was Military Commander of the Federal District at the time of the incorporation of this company, and with whose cattle and other patriotic activities at Tampico and Pachuca we are already familiar.

The interesting feature of this document is the parallel it offers between these patriots and the ones they succeeded; this is precisely the same old cientifico game of business-with-public office that the present brand of patriots came in to extirpate.

Battle cries of "revolutions" are springes to catch woodcock. Porfirio Diaz came in on "no re-election," and succeeded himself for twenty-six years. Madero cried "effective suffrage and no re-election" and his own brother was preparing an amendment to the constitution whereby Francisco could succeed himself for a full term "as he is

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only finishing out the unfinished term of Diaz." Felix Diaz shot Mexico City to pieces with the army he stole from Madero under the cry of "Peace and Justice." Carranza wiggled his way in through the help of our President secured by crying "constitution," and promptly on his arrival in Mexico City declared the Constitution inoperative, and a "Pre-constitutional period," which is the present status.

President Wilson, who objected to Huerta because his government was "not constitutional" (see speech to Congress August 27, 1913), recognised the frankly non-constitutional government of Carranza.

The revolutionary battle cry should really be, "Quitate tu para que me ponga yo"—You get out so I can get in.

Scanning the record then of this pre-constitutional governing group as it stands to-day, we find that:

It has not restored the constitution.

It has not restored the courts.

It has not given freedom to the press.

It is not protecting its own people or the foreigners from robbery by its own servants.

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It has used famine as a lever to fill its army.

It has made business impossible by issuing bad money for good value, declaring it void, and then repeating the process.

As for the land division, the "free land" slogan of Madero, no government policy appears to have been decided upon, and it is true that the time is not propitious for giving men land which has nothing on it and when they have no work with which to earn something to put anything on it.

Twenty thousand acres is more than the total that have been divided and distributed, but the people are obliged to leave the land to get something to eat. To give the soldier land at the present time means that he will sell to the first officer who comes along with his pocket full of bilimbiques.

The pre-constitutionalists are wont to liken themselves to the French Revolutionists. Except in the Mexican approach to the record of bestiality set in 1792, the comparison is not well ventured.

The French Revolution saved as well as spilled the very best of its blood, and

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developed a group of leaders of notable mentality and extraordinary constructive sense. The group of leaders in Mexico have conducted themselves like ignorant anarchists on an I. W. W. debauch. They have wrecked their Government and built none in its stead; they have torn an economic fabric to shreds and show neither woof nor web of another.

The French have great power of corporate organisation; the Mexicans have none.

The French have cohesion; the Mexicans do not know the word's meaning.

Patriotism in the French is a living white fire; in the Mexicans it is red hot air.

The plan of the French Revolution was definite, and its work constructive; in Mexico we see neither practical definition nor construction.

Those that indorse the statements from Mexico on their face value can occupy themselves profitably seeking names in Mexico to place alongside of Mirabeau, Lafayette, Danton, Robespierre, St. Just, Carnot, Roland —

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which I choose at random from that gruesome yet wonderful period of French history.

In Mexico, of those that appear to have the fortune of their country in the hollow of their hands, we see most frequently the name of Luis Cabrera. The First Chief's right hand man is socialistic, involved, and impractical; but he has an alert, clever mind and as lobbyist has few equals in or out of Mexico. He and Carranza are responsible for the nightmare of bilimbiques, which perhaps may be charged more to ignorance than to dishonesty. The one man Carranza had of financial training, Felicitas Villareal, he put in jail for being unwilling to sponsor this frenzied finance policy. Cabrera is a lawyer by profession and an intriguer by nature. He is the one man of record, however, to have sought to remedy the land laws under Madero.

Venustiano Carranza, like his best man, is also impractical, and he is, I believe, personally honest; but he is bumptious, vain, obstinate, of small ability, and with no control over his men. The best thing to his credit is shutting the

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saloons on Sundays and holidays. He was a ranchero in Coahuila before being "elected" local judge. He never studied in a law school. Later, for many years he was a Senator in the Senate of Porfirio Diaz, and was promised the governorship of Coahuila. Diaz did not keep his word, and named a de la Pena, which affronted Carranza, and he joined the Madero revolution when it broke out. It is a mistake to say he was always the foe of the Cientificos; he tried in fact to get into the inner circle.

Both Carranza and Cabrera have kept their word when force of circumstance and the generals of their army permitted.

Alvaro Obregon, Minister of War, was a small planter in Sonora and is probably the most stable and least impressionable man in the group, being at the same time one of but mediocre calibre. He is by far the best general in the Carranza army, and with Villa and Angeles one of the only three to reveal any ability in the field. He has shown himself narrow and brutal in dealing with his poor countrymen—his course in Mexico City being dis-

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tinctly reprehensible. He is no admirer of Americans.

Candido Aguilar, the Minister of Foreign Relations, is a man who saw his opportunity — and "done it." Apart from the ability he has shown at gathering pesos in the last couple of years he has none. He is ignorant but served Carranza faithfully and was rewarded by the governorship of the rich State of Veracruz, where he evidently made the most of the occasion, for he is now reported to be rich.

Generals Luis Gutierrez and Francisco Coss are about of the same type as Aguilar and equally alive to opportunity. Coss we have already learned of as Governor of Puebla, where he made enough money to embark in the sisal business on a large scale at Saltillo with his friend Luis, who is a brother of Eulalio, of whom we have also heard at Aguas and Mexico City. Before he became a patriot he was a labourer in the maguey fields; now he has enough money to have put, it is said, one million pesos into business.

Of General Pablo Gonzales we have also already heard much, and enough for our purpose.

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Palavicini, "Minister of Education and Fine Arts," is a disciple of "Dr." Atl.

"Dr." Atl, whom David Starr Jordan sponsored for Americans, is an enthusiastic anarchist and the editor of a vicious anti-everything paper called the *Accion Mundial.* His first service to the "cause" was as confidential adviser to Zapata, to whom he gave his socialistic strain; then he deserted to Carranza when Zapata's race appeared to him about run. Obregon used him as an instrument in his "castigation" of Mexico City in February, 1915, and for the organisation of the Casa del Obrero, the I. W. W. helpmate of the faithful.

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The Meditations of a Theorist

IN March, 1913, the way was clear for a settlement of our troubles in Mexico. Retiring Secretary of State Knox had informed Huerta, just as Secretary Evarts had told Diaz thirty-seven years earlier, that recognition by the United States Government depended upon his putting his country in order: the adjustment of pending claims, indemnities for the murder and destruction of American life and property, and guarantees against repetition.

And now a man had been elected President on a platform which not only indorsed the traditional American policy of Jefferson, Adams, Monroe — and of every national party since 1860 — but emphasised it by the following plank:

"The constitutional rights of American citizens should protect them on our borders and go with them throughout the world, and every American citizen residing or having property in any foreign country is entitled to and must

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be given the full protection of the United States Government, both for himself and for his property."

The peace of Mexico, the safety of Americans in Mexico were in the hands of the new Democratic President, Woodrow Wilson.

Facing this great responsibility, with the murder and the destruction unchecked, he announced a policy of patience and hope.

On August 4th, however, the President forsook "watchful waiting" for active interference by a demand on Huerta for his retirement, made through John Lind, whom he sent as his personal agent on this delicate mission to Mexico, knowing neither the people nor their language. And while Lind was on the road with his unusual proposal and after Huerta had been five months President of Mexico President Wilson sent the following message to Congress:

"I deem it my duty to exercise the authority conferred upon me by the law of March 14, 1912, to see to it that neither side to the struggle now going on in Mexico receive any assistance from this side the border . . . by forbidding the exportation of arms or munitions of war of any kind from the United States to any part

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of the Republic of Mexico. We cannot in the circumstances be the partisans of either party to the contest that now distracts Mexico or constitute ourselves the virtual umpire between them."

That was sound American doctrine and had been expressed by Presidents Monroe and Cleveland, by Jefferson, Webster, Hay, Root, and the Hague Conference of 1907.

The entire text of the arbitrary demand which Lind conveyed, having been given to the press in Washington during its consideration by Huerta, the latter became obdurate in the face of coercion thus made public. Whereupon Lind made the extraordinary offer to Gamboa, Huerta's Foreign Secretary, to procure money for the pressing needs of the Mexican Government, if he and his Cabinet associates would accede to Huerta's elimination!

Gamboa's official reply to this bribe was: "No loan from American bankers could be large enough to induce the Mexican Government to renounce the sovereign rights of the nation and to permit its dignity to be lessened."

Upon which the press of all Mexico howled with derisive glee at the purity of the American Government and the

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statesmanship of its representatives. And a humorous weekly was started in Mexico City, called *Mister Lind;* "Mister" being the Mexican form of address when they wish to show contempt for one of their own people. Nothing having resulted, Lind went home after waiting anxiously and courageously out of arms' reach at Veracruz, for the word which never came.

But Americans in Mexico experienced results from the Lind mission. Menace to their lives and depredations upon their property increased alarmingly; to such an extent that Secretary Bryan instructed the Consul General in Mexico to notify all officials, military or civil, exercising authority, that they would "be held strictly accountable for any harm done to Americans, or for injury to their property."

Despite this warning, however, outrages continued, and the United States taking no step to follow up its recent "warning" or to enforce compliance with the notice its President had served upon Mexico, they increased. Instead of calling upon Huerta to safeguard Americans, as the treaty between the two countries required him to do, Presi-

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dent Wilson called upon his citizens to leave the country. Thus making it clear to the Mexican mind that insistence on the protection of its nationals, on which all treaties are based, had been discarded by the American Government for "diplomatic welfare work."

On October 27, 1913, in his Mobile speech, President Wilson supplemented his request to Congress for a "free hand in Mexico" by declaring "human rights, national integrity and opportunity as against material interests is the issue which we now have to face." And on the next day, Mr. Bryan paused long enough on his lecture tour to announce through the press that "England, France and Germany had agreed to take no action (as to Mexico) until the United States had announced its policy."

Thus America became Mexico's sponsor before the world.

Two months later, through his message to Congress, came announcement of another change in the President's policy since his last official communication to Congress about three months before. Then he had said we must not

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interfere, now he declared Huerta must go.

On February 3, 1914, he added deed to word by raising the embargo on arms and ammunition which Taft had wisely placed in March, 1912, as the most effective deterrent to extended revolution and slaughter, and which Wilson on August 27, 1913, had said, "I deem it my duty" to continue and enforce. And in April, 1914, the President pursued his policy of interference to the limit of an armed attack and a landing upon Veracruz.

To exact from Huerta a delayed salute of the American flag and to prevent the landing of a shipload of arms for him, was the public avowal of the President at the time. The cargo of arms was landed and reached Huerta, the flag was not saluted, and on July 16, 1916, Franklin K. Lane, the President's intimate and Secretary of the Interior, openly confessed in the New York *World* that the Administration had abandoned the long established American principle of non-interference, declaring "we didn't go to Veracruz to force Huerta to salute the flag. We did go there to show Mexico that we

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were in earnest in our demand that Huerta must go."

With our troops at Veracruz for this purpose, and rival political factions fighting all over Mexico, the President said through S. G. Blythe in the *Saturday Evening Post*, May 23, 1914, "all the unrest in that country . . . was a fight for the land — just that and nothing more."

Now followed the A. B. C. conference with its to be expected disregard by Carranza and its thorough discreditable contravention of promise by Bryan.

Bryan had promised the mediators and the Huerta delegates, that during the Conference he would absolutely embargo all shipments of arms to the Constitutionalists. Five days later the *Antilla* sailed direct from New York to Tampico with 3,000,000 rounds of cartridges. Six other shipments followed in three different boats. These boats however were, on the advice of John Lind (as shown by carbon copies of letters found in the office of Shirby Hopkins, a Carranza lawyer, at Washington, and not denied by Lind) despatched to Havana, putting in to

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Tampico from "stress of weather," and were reported to the State Department by its Consul!

As a result of the landing at Veracruz and the failure of the A. B. C. Conference to reach any tangible conclusion, Huerta finally did "go"; and the contending parties which had been three increased to half a dozen.

Meanwhile, Americans in Mexico viewed the unsupported demands, the empty threats, the landing at Veracruz, with dismay. They had not wished intervention, except in so far as it appeared to be the only way out of the mess; they had wanted only protection and Mexico made to realise that she must respect her treaty obligations. Their lives had been endangered by their Government's unwarranted interference with Mexico's internal affairs, and such protection as they had received at the time of the unheralded Veracruz landing was given by English and German naval officers, when with Tampico full of refugees Secretary of Navy Daniels with characteristic efficiency had ordered the United States cruisers to sea seven miles from the harbour, where they had been lying for months against just such

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an emergency. A town full of Americans in danger, and their gunboats sent out of reach to sea!

With this culminating evidence of the Government's lack of regard for its citizens, it became an open season in Mexico on Americans and their property. They were arrested on trivial charges, forced to give money; murdered; their property everywhere at the mercy of the looting soldiery, which knew by this time it had no need to fear government displeasure, either its own or that across the border.

There was no safety for Americans in Mexico and no justice for them at Washington. The only men that could reach the President's ear or that of his yodelling Secretary, were the revolutionary agents. Clean handed Americans of long established business integrity and unquestioned patriotism were neither heard nor even received with courtesy. The President had "service for humanity" but none for Americans; in his burning desire to effect a "spiritual union" with the Mexicans he had abandoned twenty thousand of his own people and departed from the long maintained American principle against

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meddling with the domestic affairs of a neighbour.

The Monroe Doctrine does not prescribe the right to dictate the form of government in Latin America, only that it shall be free of Old World domination. But even earlier the principle of non-interference was the ruling one.

Secretary of State Jefferson in 1793 wrote: "We surely cannot deny to any nation that right whereon our own Government is founded — that every one may govern itself according to whatever form it pleases, and change these forms at its own will and that it may transact its business with foreign nations through whatever organ it thinks proper, whether king, convention, assembly, committee, president or anything else it may choose."

Mr. Webster in 1852 repeated the same fundamental principle: "From President Washington's time down to the present day it has been a principle always acknowledged by the United States, that every nation possesses a right to govern itself according to its own will, to change institutions at discretion and to transact its business

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through whatever agents it may think proper to employ."

Secretary of State Hay in 1899 instructed our Venezuelan Minister to recognise Castro "if the provisional government is effectively administering government of nation and in a position to fulfil international obligations."

The United States Senate in 1907 in ratifying the arbitration convention of the Hague Conference resolved that: "Nothing contained in this convention shall be so construed as to require the United States of America to depart from its traditional policy of not intruding upon, interfering with or entangling itself in the political questions of policy or internal administration of any foreign state."

Therefore when President Wilson set out upon his campaign to drive Huerta out of Mexico he was going against both American principle and precedence; he was an offender against the law America has contributed to the international code. And in the abandonment of his nationals in a country in anarchy he made a departure which was so novel and so discreditable to a great

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nation that it will live long as a black page in the history of the American people.

William M. Evarts, our one time great Secretary of State, said: "The first duty of a government is to protect life and property. This is a paramount obligation. For this governments are instituted and governments neglecting or failing to perform it become worse than useless."

And John Fiske, the distinguished political economist, says: "A government touches the lowest point of ignominy when it confesses its inability to protect the lives and property of its citizens."

But Woodrow Wilson said in his Shadow Lawn speech accepting renomination by the Democratic party early in September: "Many serious wrongs against the property, many irreparable wrongs against the persons of Americans have been committed within the territory of Mexico herself. . . . We could not act directly in that matter ourselves."

So the 1912 plank in the Democratic platform, and the "strictly accountable" telegram of 1913, and the June,

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1916, "America first" talk,— were all "scraps of paper." Protecting its own citizens has been the first care of all nations. We, on the other hand, have introduced the new policy of abandoning our own citizens in a publicly proclaimed attempt to serve aliens in their own country.

In 1915, with the country in a riot of anarchy, the President, who had been favouring Villa in his opposition to Carranza, changed again, and taking chances on the Carranza side, finally in October, 1915, recognised him, while investigation was pending of an atrocious murder — committed ten days before — of an American by a Constitutionalist soldier who had cut off and displayed his head on a pole for public gaze!

Recognised by this great Government without his giving guarantee for the protection of American life or property in Mexico!

Then in 1916 came the border troubles, the raids quickly following the President's stubborn disregard of previous recorded experience and the advice of men who knew the border and Mexicans and adjured him not to

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permit Obregon's troops to pass through American territory in pursuit of Villa. Santa Isabel, Columbia, Glenn Springs, Parral, Carrizal — one after the other, from January to June, bringing loss of life and further humiliation and insolent notes and unfriendly acts from Carranza.

Here again the President was not without established precedent to guide him. In 1876, when Diaz came into power, Mexico was in a turbulent state and the border alive with bandits. The Mexican had the same temper and habit then as now, there was the same brand of patriots, the same subterfuges; but the Administration of 1876 saw its duty more clearly than that of 1913.

President Hayes declined to recognise Diaz until he had put his country in order, and Secretary Evarts made Diaz understand that no injury to American life or property would be tolerated. When injury came, as at first it did, reparation was demanded — and exacted. Diaz realised he had to put his country in order to secure recognition and keep it in order to escape the just might of the United States. And the border troubles ceased.

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In 1914 President Wilson declared we had gone into Mexico to "serve humanity," but on January 8, 1915, in his speech at Indianapolis he had "another emotion of sympathy" which bade him say that he was "for the 80 per cent." and that they had the "right to spill as much blood as they pleased." We have already seen what that poor 80 per cent. is getting.

After using the army and navy of the United States in April, 1914, to make Mexico understand that "Huerta must go," President Wilson at the Press Club dinner last June, 1916, asked, "do you think that it is our duty to carry self-defence to the point of dictation in the affairs of another people?"

And with the long record of looted and murdered Americans in Mexico unavenged, the repeated and humiliating disregard of his demands, ultimatums and messages, the President before a gathering of advertising men in the same month (June, 1916) delivered himself of this fine and stirring sentiment:

"I believe America, the country which we put first in our thoughts, should be ready in every point of policy and of action to vindicate at

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whatever cost the principles of liberty, of justice, and of humanity to which we have been devoted from the first."

With the principles of liberty, justice, and humanity being outraged by torpedos on the high seas, by bullets in Mexico, by assault upon our very territory, the President told the world we are "too proud to fight."

At Detroit on July 10, 1916, after Santa Isabel, Columbus, Glenn Springs, Parral, Carrizal, the President said, "I refuse to butt in on Mexican affairs."

On June 20, 1916, Secretary of State Lansing addressed a note to Carranza opening with the following shameless recital:

". . . the lives of Americans and other aliens have been sacrificed; vast properties developed by American enterprise and capital have been destroyed or rendered nonproductive; bandits have been permitted to roam at will through the territory contiguous to the United States and to seize without punishment or without effective attempt at punishment, the property of Americans, while the lives of citizens of the United States who ventured to remain in Mexican territory or to return there to protect their interests have been taken and in some cases barbarously taken, and the murderers have neither been apprehended nor brought to justice. . . . It would be tedious to recount instance after instance, outrage after outrage, atrocity after atrocity, to illustrate the true

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nature and extent of the widespread conditions of lawlessness and violence which have prevailed. . . . the lower Rio Grande has been thrown into a state of constant apprehension and turmoil because of frequent and sudden incursions into American territory, and depredations and murders on American soil by Mexican bandits who have taken the lives and destroyed the property of American citizens, sometimes carrying American citizens across the international boundary with the booty seized. American garrisons have been attacked at night, American soldiers killed and their equipment and horses stolen; American ranches have been raided, property stolen and destroyed, and American trains wrecked and plundered."

And no reparation exacted. Was there ever published a more humiliating confession of impotency or indifference for its name and its citizens by a great nation!

Mr. Lansing quotes the words of Secretary Evarts of "protection" for its citizens and their property being "a paramount duty of government," and recording the failure of the Mexican Government to check the outrages recited, says: "It only makes stronger the duty of the United States to prevent them, for if the Government of Mexico cannot protect the lives and property of Americans, exposed to attack from Mexicans, the Government

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of the United States is in duty bound so far as it can, to do so."

Had the concluding paragraph of this note been written three years before, and enforced once, Americans would not have been murdered, nor the "submerged 80 per cent." ravaged to destitution. Carranza has never replied to this note; he evaded its arraignment by proposing the commission idea. He has never cleared himself of responsibility for Carrizal.

Yet in the face of this experience, with millions of American dollars lost and American citizens denied the protection of their Government, President Wilson suggests a loan for the bankrupt Carranza Government! And Carranza, not to be outdone by his "great and good" friend in working that easy thing, the listless American public, wants two hundred million dollars as an emollient for his lacerated feelings and the severe loss his Government has sustained through our "invasion" of his territory, and the aid of our late lamented ex-Secretary of State and President Wilson gave Villa.

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PERHAPS, however, our course in the arms traffic in Mexico is the most baffling and not the least discreditable page in the story of this "policy of peace" and "service to humanity" which, under its President's guidance, the United States entered upon in February, 1914. Space is wanting here to recount its numerous and varied manifestations, but, briefly, it is a matter of Congressional Record that the United States has sent upwards of ten million of dollars' worth of munitions to Mexico since the President made an operation base of our frontier against the constituted Government of Mexico. That means millions upon millions of cartridges — mostly of the soft nosed or dum-dum type outlawed by civilised peoples — thousands of rifles, thousands upon thousands of pounds of dynamite. Millions of death dealing implements sent in the name of human-

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ity to a country seething in anarchy and reeking in blood. It is a noble record!

It is also on file in the Senate that after the raids upon Santa Isabel, January 12, 1916, Columbus, March 9, 1916, and Glenn Springs, May 6, 1916, and after the Government had complete knowledge of Carranza's unfriendliness, as explicitly set forth in Secretary Lansing's note of June 20, 1916 — after these massacres and while United States troops under General Pershing were making their way into Mexico in pursuit of Villa — three large shipments of munitions, sailing from New York, discharged their cargoes for Carranza at Veracruz, March 18th, April 1st, and May 23rd!

The ambush of General Pershing's detachment and obvious treachery of Carranza's troops at Parral occurred April 13th. On April 18th Secretary Lansing, according to unrefuted record in the House of Representatives, issued an order permitting Carranza to import one million rounds of small arms ammunition into Mexico!

And after further treachery and the killing of United States soldiers at Car-

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rizal on June 21, 1916, an intellectual anarchist from Mexico, an intellectual pacifist from California, and others more intelligent, if less sincere, urged upon the Administration the raising of the embargo just replaced, and were actually granted an audience!

Lincoln Steffens, the American interpreter of Carranza's ambitions, wrote in the May, 1916, issue of *Eevrybody's Magazine:* "Huerta . . . thought the Mexican people would kill, rape and rob every American in Mexico . . . and that's what Villa thought . . . that's what the men and the interests back of Villa thought when they planned that raid into New Mexico"!

The Department of Justice, by direction of President Wilson, made an investigation immediately after the New Mexico raid which proved conclusively that "Villa had no support from Americans except that which he obtained by theft." And this investigation was made at a time when the Administration was under fire and eager to charge, if it could be substantiated, that the pernicious activity of Americans was the cause of much of the border trouble. Steffens' implica-

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tion is not only outrageous, but is based on false premises.

Senator Bacon, then Chairman of Foreign Relations Committee, said "When Americans cross that river (Rio Grande) the United States has no further interest in them."

Dr. David Starr Jordan says, "The Americans who went to Mexico did so at their own risk."

Senator Stone, Democratic Chairman of Foreign Relations Committee, told those who exclaimed at the loss of Americans on the *Lusitana*, "Well, it was their own fault; why did they go on the boat? They had been warned."

When the raping of nuns by Carranza soldiers was reported to Bryan, then Secretary of State, he replied to Fathers Kelly and Tiernan, "That's nothing. Two American women were raped by Huerta's soldiers near Tampico in 1913."

There appears to have grown up among us some strange and unlovely brands of Americanism.

At a time when they could not get them elsewhere we furnished arms to a people in anarchy, thus helping to make a shambles of their country; and we

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have put into the hands of a treacherous soldiery the bullets with which they have killed our own people.

And this is "service to humanity"!

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What Mexico Needs

WE have several wrong theories about Mexico. We hear so much that is based on theory, on prejudice; so much that is inspired by preconceived notions of Mexican character and Mexican ambitions; such a calling of names, such an array of cocksure panaceas for Mexico's ailments, such a parading of ignorance — it is small wonder bewilderment rules among us.

Some call the bloody carnival which has held the country in its horrid grip, a "popular uprising for land"; others say it is a "revolt against oppressive conditions." Neither is the essential motive — viz. the revolutionary habit of the politically ambitious and socially radical. The present period has been called "abnormal"; it is not. The history of Mexico is filled with such. Nor is it "civil war." Throughout Mexican history, less than one per cent. of the population has ever engaged in one of these revolutionary epidemics.

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The great mass of Mexico is struggling to secure neither land nor political rights; it is not struggling at all. It is not bloodthirsty and fond of fighting, as is ignorantly maintained in the United States. Peace, at almost any price, is what this simple minded, easily misled multitude is praying for; they have never as a people had sympathy with the revolutionists, with any set of them, despite the pathetic stories of their struggle for "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," relayed to Washington by native revolutionary agents. The common people, el pueblo, have no interest in any political upheaval; they know that whether the local jefe owes his appointment to Diaz, Madero, Huerta, or Carranza, they will get about the same deal, which is not, and never has been, a square one.

Because a few gifted junta propagandists discourse earnestly and eloquently on "constitution," "patriotism," "free elections," we are led into believing that the Mexicans think as we think on human equity, understand as we understand democratic principles, and co-operate as we co-operate for democratic government. Because of

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the tremendous industrial advance of the country through foreign brain and foreign capital, we are prone to regard Mexico as approaching our general standards of business and economic and political sense; whereas, in reality a very small class has a veneer of culture and political method and economical sanity, while basically the nation is without public opinion or political habit or democratic thought.

Mexico is filled to overflowing with conscienceless agitators who call themselves patriots, but their impassioned speech means nothing, literally nothing. They are not sincere, they are not loyal, they are not brave; no more than the average Mexican do they know even the meaning of patriotism.

It is the tragedy of Mexico that a small group of agitators, or "intellectuals" as you please, should have the imagination, but neither the capacity nor the equipment to carry through, nor the judgment to wait on education. So every once in a while, one or another group of such visionaries, heedless of the unpreparedness of their fellows, over-estimating their own qualifications, set out to run the Government;

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and at once clash with another group seeking the same thing — indulgence of political ambition without thought of the "submerged 80 per cent."

First and last, these groups have had a long trial at running Mexico, under the constitution which "expresses the aspirations of the Mexican people," and with control of courts and legislation. They have raised and cast down dictators, but not yet have they succeeded in working together steadily for mutual welfare and their own advancement. A stable state and law and justice is not to be built on spoliation, which seems to have been the medium of reform upon which they have chiefly relied.

That is why a strong central government is needed, that peace may be assured long enough to give the people time for the education and training they must have to fit themselves for democratic government. And until Mexico has such central government forceful enough to command respect of life and property throughout the land, Mexico cannot progress economically, politically, or socially — for the present is a social, even more than a po-

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litical upheaval, and unfortunately for Mexico the agitators of its budding "middle class" are making the worst instead of the best use of their small learning and big opportunity by upsetting the poise of their countrymen with inflammatory speech and impossible promise.

So the first need of Mexico after stable government, is honesty within, including particularly the honest treatment of its lowly class. (1) Honest courts, which she has never had; (2) Revision of the land laws so that taxes are fairly levied, that the holdings of great bodies be made costly, and small holdings made easier by governmental irrigation projects; (3) Control and heavy reduction of the pulque traffic; (4) Extension and improvement of the educational system, including the wide introduction of vocational training schools — for practical training rather than their present "culture" idea of education is what the bulk of the people should have. For the rest, given honesty, Mexico will grow; her potentialities are great.

Honesty, justice,— these are the things that she must have; these are

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the things which her leaders seem unable to give her until they themselves undergo a further development of character — a development which shall bring them cohesion, stability as well as honesty. This can come only by education, either from within or without; but in either case it will be a slow, a very slow process.

Let the American never think he can change the temperament of the Mexican; he will be able to establish justice and maintain it — if he keeps his eye open — but for the rest he must accept what he finds as the character fundamental, and build upon it and in harmony with it, as the American business men have done. Mexico is not Iowa; nor are the tastes and the habits of the Mexicans those of New England. It wouldn't be Mexico if they were; and above all it will be well to keep Mexico, Mexico.

The land question is a most important one in the regeneration of Mexico, but it would be just as impossible to carry out in Mexico the full dream of the free land idealists as to put into practical effect any other socialist brain storm in New York. Further-

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more, there is not the general "land hunger" which tourist authors of colourful pen delight to portray for consumption in the United States of America.

This isn't to say that there have not been plenty of instances in Mexico where the Indians and the Mexicans were outrageously defrauded through their ignorance, unjust land laws, and exploiting land companies of both native and foreign personnel. Of such injustice the Indians have been the most frequent victims, particularly the Yaquis in Sonora, to whom my sympathy always flies when I hear they have "broken out again," to avenge the wrongs done them by the Mexicans who stole their lands and then sold them to foreigners.

Always land has been sold in large blocks in Mexico with little thought of the small holder. Yet when the land question is offered, as President Wilson has advanced it, as the cause of revolution, it is well to consider facts. Diaz in his very last message to Congress suspended the legal proving up act of 1884 — the non-compliance with which, through ignorance, had led to

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the loss of their property by the Indians — and appointed a commission to make a thorough study of the subject. And second, Madero, whose presidential campaign was made on the free land slogan, made but one attempt at land division after he had been elected, although his family was and is among the largest holders in Mexico. This attempt was the purchase, from a relative of the family, of a large piece in Tamaulipas State at so high a figure that the people could not afford to buy it when parcelled for their purchase.

A little knowledge of Mexico is also helpful when discussing its problems. Many people think of Mexico as a land of milk and honey, as everywhere a fertile garden; which is quite the wrong picture. Only the pieces on the coasts and alongside water are naturally of the garden variety; for the greater part the plains are stretches upon great stretches where cultivation is impossible except by irrigation. Irrigation projects are among the urgent of Mexico's needs.

The "80 per cent." Mexican does not want, cannot use, much land. All over Mexico, wherever you find him,

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and you find him everywhere water flows, he cultivates just so much as is necessary to supply his wants and to leave something over for sale. There are few watered sections where this small holder is not found, and almost invariably, the land in excess of what he puts in use, lies fallow.

Guasave, a hamlet of about five hundred in Sinaloa State, has a native community land holding which is more or less typical of the average Mexican's attitude towards quantities of land larger than he has immediate use for. This holding amounts to about thirty thousand acres, and scarcely seven hundred are under cultivation!

Community lands were originally established for protection against the bandits that roamed the country at will before the coming of Porfirio Diaz, for the assurance of water and the better working of the soil. In most of the reclamation projects undertaken by foreigners on government and unsurveyed and unoccupied land, the Government exacted that a proportion of the land be sold back to the natives at a given fair price after the water had been put on it; and that half of

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the previously unsurveyed government land, which the projectors had surveyed as part of their contract, be returned free of expense to the Government. The idea under these requirements being to get government land surveyed at no cost to the Mexican Government, and to bring water onto the land, which otherwise would never have been watered and therefore of no use to the natives, at a very small cost to the native purchaser, and no cost to the Government beyond certain grants from the enormous quanities of idle land.

Some of these Community lands have passed into foreign hands quite legitimately, because of this disposition of the native to work only what he uses — a community being of the nature of a stock company in so far as each member may dispose of his pro rata — but the majority have been undisturbed.

In the States of Jalisco, Morelos, Aguas Calientes and Chihuahua, land is held in large quantities by a few owners and the agrarian question is justly pressing; yet the situation is not as black as painted, for even in Chihuahua

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something like fifty thousand natives, it is said, are tilling community land. In Oaxaca where three quarters of the about one million population is Indian, community land, held in large areas beyond the cultivated acres, has changed ownership hardly at all.

An experiment was made a couple of years ago in land division by the Hacienda San Sebastian near Torreon among the men that had been working on the place for wages, which throws a significant light on the natives' feeling on the "land question." When the plan of division was announced the men celebrated their good fortune by serenading the owner, their former employer, and appeared overjoyed with the scheme which not only gave them land but their share of the live stock on the ranch as well. They worked with a will and kept it up to the end of the first week, when, as they had been accustomed to do, they went to the manager of the hacienda asking for their week's wages. "Wages," exclaimed the manager, "you're no longer working for me; you're working for yourselves and must get your money

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out of your crop." And the men quit right there asking for a restoration of the old order of things that gave them regular wages every week's end.

Such represents with fair correctness the average peon's attitude on the land question. They have not the means to cultivate the land as a rule, and they are not inclined to do so when they have, for the fact is, the Mexican is not a success at farming or business; he does not want to work beyond what he must to live; and he won't work while he has money in his pocket. At one time the land in Morelos was distributed in great quantities among the people but it finally got back again to a few owners, almost into original hands.

"Free land" has been the catchword both in and out of Mexico to incite domestic turbulence and to arouse foreign sympathy. It gave Madero the border sympathy of the United States which impelled the resignation of Diaz — who remembered his lesson of 1876–9 and believed the United States would be as exacting now as then. It revealed President Wilson as a very cas-

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ual reader of Mexican history, and will be the doom of any man or party that raises it for a shibboleth.

The peon's lot is by no means the unhappy one it is supposed to be by those who depend for their information on the sensational and deluding stories, like "Barbarous Mexico" for example, which so often find favour with provincial editors. From our viewpoint it is never ideal, and there are many instances and some directions, notoriously Yucatan, where he was little better off than a serf. But speaking generally he is well treated, wears about the same clothes, eats about the same food, lives in the same kind of house, as his fellow countrymen, who, independently till their own ground. To the man from the North, the Mexican of the tierra, whether working his own ground or that of his employer, appears to live a wretched, poverty stricken existence. But if you live among them you will find the most contented, free from care people you have ever known.

The continued influence of the foreigner and gradual education will slowly arouse this native to improve his general living conditions and to not

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spend every peso which finds its way into his hand. Meanwhile the peaceful state of his mind (blotting out the last five years) may well be envied by his compassionate neighbours to the north.

And what he needs is not the vote, which would only strengthen the grip on him of the politician to thus deepen his degradation — but a square deal, and practical industrial education, training, under patient, comprehending teachers.

So also these peons need a religion. "No state can have unity unless it possess a religion" was what Rousseau wrote in that remarkable revolutionary tract, "Contrat Social;" and none suits these people as the Catholic with its vestments and æsthetic ritual. Take the church out of politics and keep it out, but Mexico needs at this stage of its civilisation the acolyte and the confessional.

Such a class, the overwhelming majority, can make no intelligent use of self-government; can not defend itself against its own until education has fitted them at least in a measure. As sometime Professor Woodrow Wilson once wrote, "Self-government is

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not a thing that can be given to any people, because it is a form of character and not a form of constitution."

How can we look for constitutional election in Mexico when they have neither constitutional method, habit, or protection? The Mexican middle class thinks and talks much about rights and privileges, but has as yet small idea of duties and responsibilities; and slight capacity for the self-control which is essential to democratic government. It is Mexico's job to develop her middle class, which must grow slowly and without which there is no true democracy, for through it will come the political intelligence of which Mexico at the moment has almost none. It is entirely natural that these people, untrained and with but a handful of educated among them, should accept their present freedom from restraint and President Wilson's Indianapolis sentiment, as license to kill and loot and rape — such being the only way they know how to celebrate their new born freedom!

For her political rehabilitation Mexico needs forceful men of unselfish purpose and constructive ability; for the

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"submerged 80 per cent.," work first, and then education — and always fair play. The Carranza group thus far has evolved no leader of such character and ability; but such a one must arise or Mexico be compelled to accept the strong helping hand of another nation if she is to regain her foothold among civilised peoples. And she must be made to regain it, if not for her own sake, then for our "peace and prosperity."

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The Cost of a Duty-last Policy

THERE is only one issue in Mexico for America; there has been but one since Woodrow Wilson took oath to uphold the Constitution of the United States and to defend the rights of its citizens: viz., the protection of American life and property.

By instance, principle, and law the President's duty lay clear, imperative, and defined when he accepted the great trust of the people March 4, 1913.

Except in post-prandial speech however, he has given no evidence of acquaintance with that duty. He has proclaimed but never enjoined the rights of Americans in Mexico. He not only refused to protect these citizens but used the influence of his great office to lead a campaign of slander against them which made their position in Mexico one of grievous humiliation and increased danger.

It was a craven, unrighteous, unheard of policy to fling to the world's

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view; it was the very worst and least defensible one that could be employed in Mexico. It destroyed literally the respect in which Americans and the United States had been held; it emboldened the lawless to kill our citizens; it led to the raids into our border states. It was the hat-in-hand policy which every one of smallest knowledge of those peoples knows, is of all others the very one unsuited to Latin America.

If the motives for such policy were "good" as has been said, then they sprung from ignorance of a country, its condition, and people's character, which must be declared unpardonable in an executive with one hundred million citizens in his care and a clean-cut principle as exemplar.

The President had abundant opportunity to extend his knowledge of Mexico, but closed his ear as well as his official door to all who could give him real light. He had a preconceived idea, and he was determined to let it guide him. And it has. After three years of this treatment, Mexico is desolate and the "submerged 80 per cent.," for whose fancied relief the President neglected his own, are pros-

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trate; Americans have been robbed, ruined, murdered, and our army patrols the border while the bands play the democratic lullaby, "He kept us out of war."

It was not our business whether Mexico had a Huerta or a Carranza; it was our business and our sole and particular business to insist on the protection of our citizens. Neither Carranza, who has shown his unfriendliness repeatedly, nor any other aspirant thrown up by the revolutionary shuffle, should have been recognised until a pledge for the protection of foreign life and property had been required.

The history of our relations with Mexico shows that peace and safety have always reigned when compliance with treaty obligations were exacted. Barring twenty-six of the years under Diaz and two periods of foreign invasion, Mexico was from 1810 to 1910 in the same state approximately as to-day, minus the voided paper money, the high powered rifle, the railways, and the electrical communications.

Those twenty-six years of peace coincided with the years when the United States took the attitude that our only

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interest in Mexico was compliance with treaty and international obligations towards American citizens, and, as a corollary to the Monroe Doctrine, towards all foreign nationals resident in Mexico. This was not mere coincidence. It was cause and effect. Diaz was no more amenable or responsive when first he arrived at the Presidency, than the others. He was to Juarez what Madero was to him: a revolutionist raised to president. But our line of soldier presidents stuck to the Evarts warning — that "protection of its citizens was a paramount duty of government"— and made Diaz understand that if he failed to comply with his obligations, the United States would not hesitate to intervene. And Diaz kept his obligations. That unflinching, patriotic policy did not lead to war any more than a similar discharge of his duty by President Wilson would have done. It led in 1879 to peace and prosperity for both countries. It was a genuine "service to humanity."

And now we have a Commission in our midst, a political move on both sides of the line,— to discuss the rights long ago established by this Govern-

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ment to protect its border against invasion, and its citizens in a foreign country from pillage and murder.

It will at least afford amusement at this juncture to review the previous experiences of the Administration at negotiating with Carranza.

The Niagara Falls mediation. Carranza refused to recognise it so that the few agreements made as to the internal affairs of Mexico were absolutely nullified by Carranza's coming into power subsequently without being bound by the Conference. The one agreement which subsists is ours, providing that the United States shall never make claim against Mexico for the expense of the Veracruz occupation, which, as Secretary Lane has said, we entered upon so Mexico might understand that "Huerta must go"— that Carranza might come in.

When we retired from Veracruz, and turned Mexico over to anarchy, President Wilson tried to get promises of good behaviour out of Carranza. He gave nothing. He did agree with the State Department not to charge merchants second duties on the goods in the Veracruz Customs House. He

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complied with this;— but his officials sold all the goods at public auction and kept the money for the "cause"! Uncle Sam again held the bag.

The ABCBUG conference to settle the Mexican question — August-October, 1915, Villa, Zapata, and the State of Oaxaca came in. Carranza was given ten days to come in, prolonged the time by dilatory tactics. The Conference asked each of his generals separately to come in. This prolonged it still more. Finally when all his generals had refused, Carranza refused; and then we recognised Carranza!

If however this Commission is a serious attempt to do something definite in the way of remedying the present intolerable situation, it will help if the American members keep in mind: That from 1878 to 1910 we limited ourselves to seeing that Mexico treated our citizens and their interests justly according to treaty stipulations.

That from 1878 to 1910 Mexico was in a condition of constantly increasing peace.

That from 1910 we have ceased to exact respect of these treaty obligations.

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That from 1910 Mexico has been in a condition of increasing disturbance. That this is not coincidence but cause and effect.

If the Commission wastes time investigating the stories which have been brought from the border by "Dr." Atl, Dr. Jordan, and Professor Steffens, their mediations will be as fruitless and their conclusions as trifling as the jeremiads of the two well meaning but misled Americans.

The Commission might "serve humanity" perhaps by finding and classifying the Jordan "vulture"— the talkative pacifist having himself failed to locate the sinister bird, after giving tongue of his find too quickly. One result is assured — those American Commissioners are going to know a whole lot more about Mexico's "delicate, sensitive race," before they have finished their séance.

If this Commission has any *raison d'être*, it is, first to ascertain if Carranza is willing and able to establish peace and safety in Mexico and to punish those of his soldiers and officers that have crossed the border and killed Americans; and second, to inform Mex-

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ico that America's friendship from this time depends on the following three things:

1. Effective control by Mexico of her border bandits.

2. Protection of American lives and properties and of their legal rights in Mexico.

3. Settlement of foreign and American claims.

The first two at once and the third as soon as may be.

Henceforth we must consider our duty to ourselves. Deeply as we may be moved by the burdens and the struggles of the Mexicans, our obligations in the first instance are not so much in solving their problems as in safeguarding our own people. We have given ample evidence of our patience, of our good intent to Mexico to the entire world. Neither "service to humanity" nor "watchful waiting" has proved curative. We can wait no longer. Europe from whom we asked a free hand, can wait no longer. The foreigners whose legitimate enterprise and capital developed Mexico can not, will not abandon their rightful holdings. It would ruin them; it would

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wreck Mexico. We must quit taking sides in these revolutions with first one and then another of the outcropping leaders and return to our traditional policy of non-interference. Mexico must respect her treaty obligations if not by her own will then by the will of the United States; not through a "war of conquest" but by an expedition, that would not necessarily mean war, to establish justice in accord with the law of civilised nations.

And whether the American members of the Commission say this or not to their Mexican confrères, the failure of Mexico to comply with these requirements must lead to intervention — diplomatic welfare work, and arms traffickers to the contrary notwithstanding,— if not by the United States, then, when the Great War is won, by England and France who will not submit to indignity and injustice to their subjects.

As an aid to peace and the comfort of Mexico's "80 per cent.," it will be helpful if Congress makes the embargo on arms permanent until actual order and safety to foreigners has existed for one year.

However disinclined the Administra-

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tion may be to face it, our responsibility for present conditions is heavy. Because we shirked our duty Mexico's problem has become our problem too. These four years have been years of destruction, murder, humiliation. The life loss has been for the Mexicans probably two hundred thousand, for us nearly four hundred. The property loss is no less than three hundred millions. The loss in education by the young cannot be estimated. The loss of the habit of peace is beyond computation. Because President Wilson twice notified the world of our sponsorship for Mexico, the United States is confronted with the probability of being held pecuniarily responsible for the losses suffered by foreigners.

Had the United States remained on the straight and historic line of limiting her relations with Mexico to an insistence that treaty provisions and the law of nations be lived up to, the devastation and the embarrassment could have been averted. President Wilson took the side track of solicitude for the welfare of aliens in an alien land instead and we are off the main track of international procedure and headed

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for the very calamity he sought to escape.

Such is the penalty for putting duty last.

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The Answer

WHEN American citizens working in Mexico under treaty rights needed and asked the protection of their Government, they were made the target of official slander and told to get out. In response to the killing of Americans and the destruction of their property, the President wrote notes, as recounted by Secretary of State Lansing under date June 20, 1916. No American can travel Mexico to-day and see with his own eyes the plight of the lowly, and hear with his own ears description of what his fellow countrymen and women have endured, and not hang his head in very shame for his puissant, supine Government.

There are men who call this "peace with honour."

We have both duties and rights in Mexico; we neglected the one and failed to exact the other. We trespassed upon the rights of the Mexicans and we did not assert the rights of our own

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citizens. We departed from precedent long established by disregarding the principles and the spirit of our American doctrine, and allowed Mexico to ignore the plain and long respected letter of her own treaties with us.

That's what's the matter with Mexico.

We have been just neither to our own citizens nor helpful to the Mexicans whose "uplift" we set out to accomplish. Our citizens are ruined and the "submerged 80 per cent." are passing through the darkest chapter in their history. We interfered with their domestic affairs when we should not have done so; and we have not interfered in the interest of our own people when we should have done so. We have preached peace; and handed the Mexicans rifles. We have chanted "service to humanity" and abandoned our own people. We have made of Mexico an experimental station for sociological theories, and now we must pay the rent.

Two things we have failed to do, and so failing have got ourselves into the

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worst muddle in our history: (1) We have failed to mind our *own* business; and (2) we have failed to *mind* our own business.

And that is why America is in arms and Congress is voting a bond issue of one hundred and thirty millions of dollars to pay for the war which President Wilson kept us out of!

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